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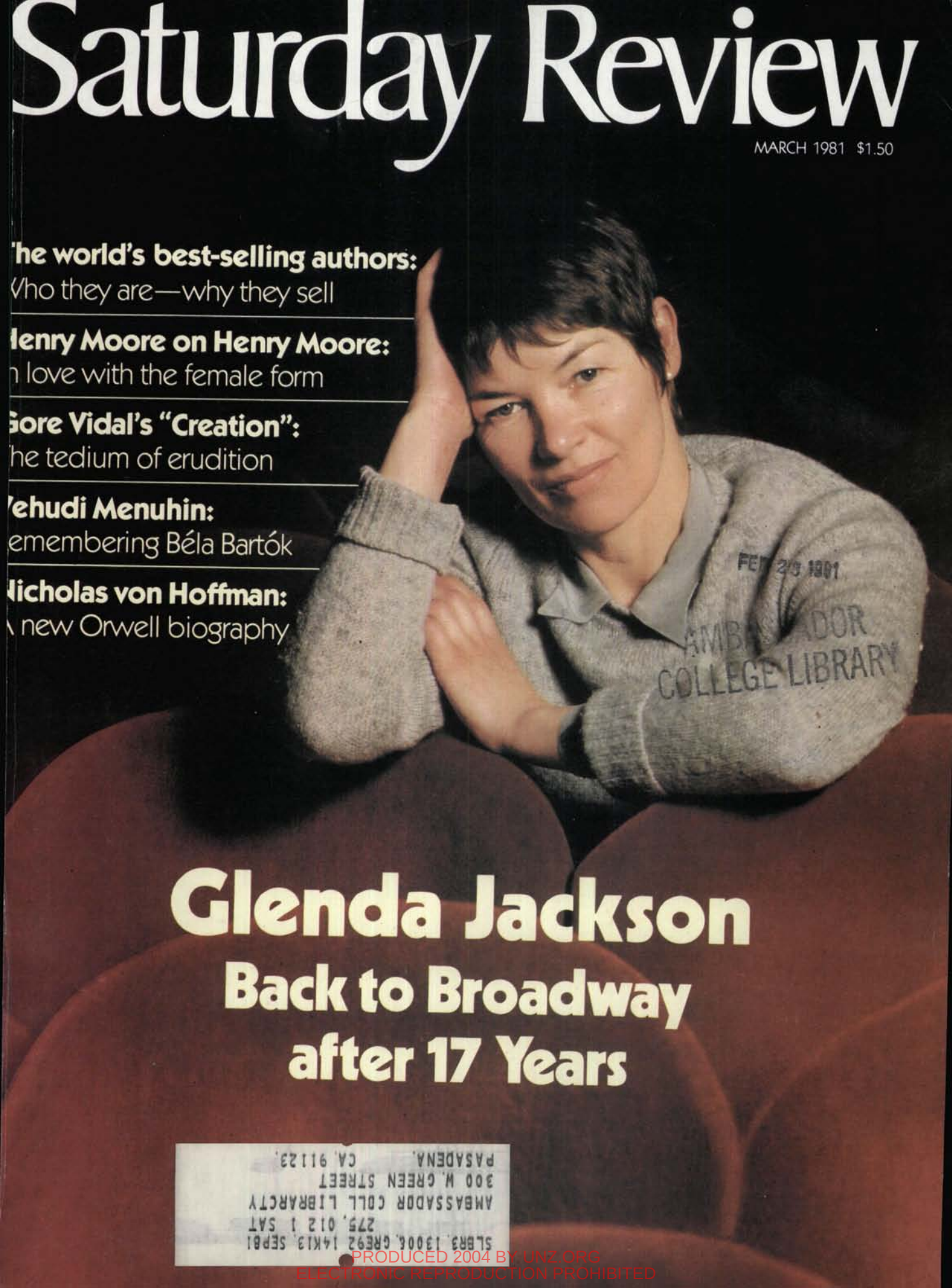

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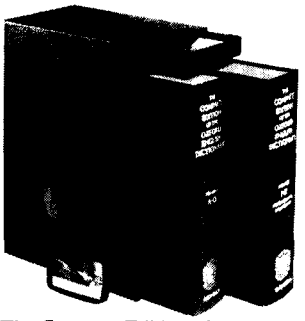

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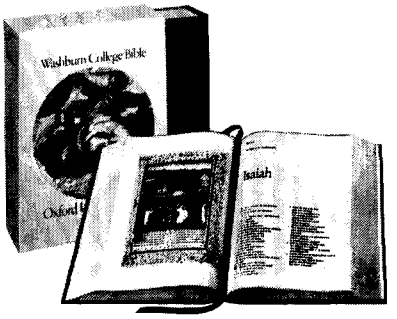

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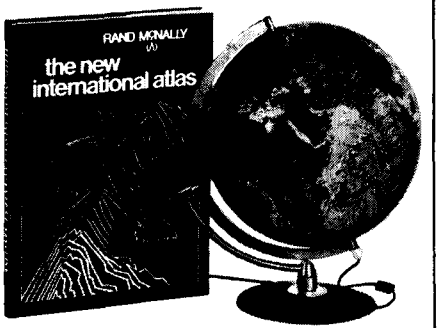

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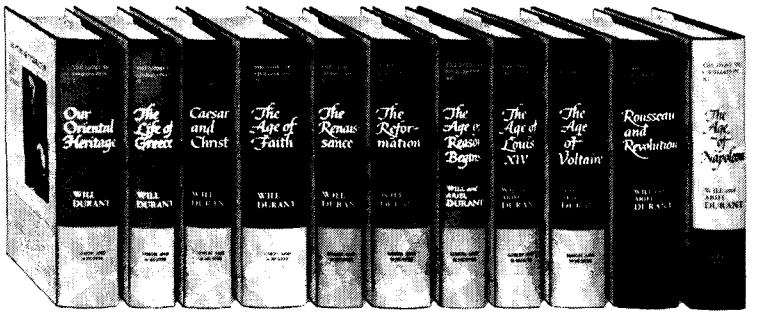

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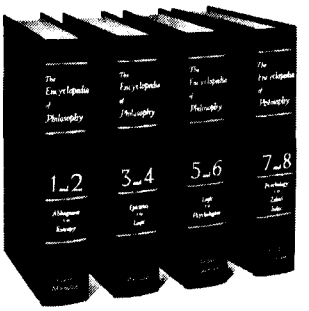

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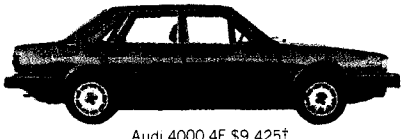

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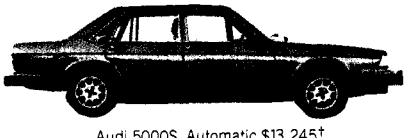

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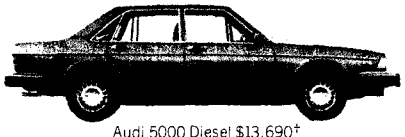

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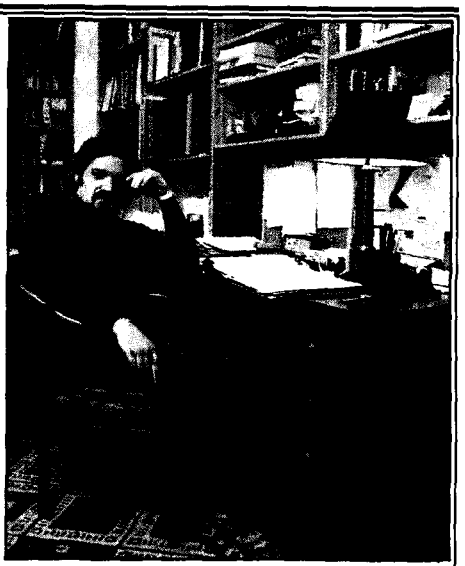
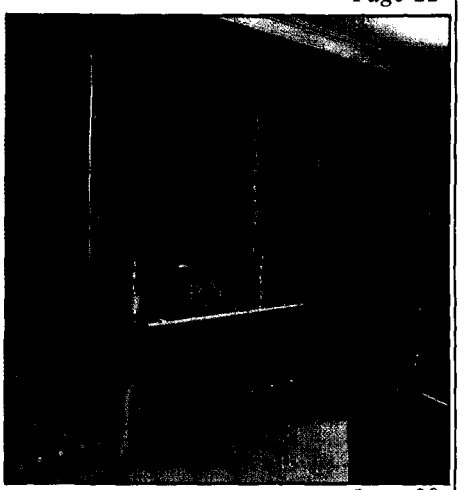


Page 22



Page 30

Cover: ©Julian Calder/Woodfin Camp & Associates Page 42

FEATURES

The World's Five Best-Selling Authors by Scot Haller
The list is astonishing. It's the rare reader who will know all five **14**

Virtuosos as Conductors by Richard Thorne
Never before have virtuosos stormed orchestral podiums. Why now? **22**

Great Private Collections:
A Philadelphian's "Grande Passion" by Joshua Gilder
Henry McIlhenny prefers artists who "really painted for houses" **30**

A No-Nonsense Glenda Jackson by Rhoda Koenig
In her new Broadway show, steely Glenda Jackson is "pretty and soft" **34**

Bartók at 100: A Titan Remembered by Yehudi Menuhin
Honoring the great composer on the centenary of his birth **39**

Creators on Creating: Henry Moore by Carll Tucker
Even the sculptor's most abstract works are inspired by the human form **42**

DEPARTMENTS

Letters **6**

Editorial by N.C. *A Growing Wealth of Words* **7**

March Spotlights **8**

Book Reviews:
Benjamin DeMott on Gore Vidal's Creation; *Anthony Burgess on William S. Burroughs's* Cities of the Red Night; *Nicholas von Hoffman on Bernard Crick's* George Orwell **64**

Book Briefs **72**

Language by Thomas H. Middleton *Flaunt vs. Flaut* **79**

Theater by Stanley Kauffmann *A Witty Prophet of Doom* **80**

Film by Judith Crist *TV Movies in Disguise* **86**

Art by Carter Ratcliff *Artists Meet Architects* **88**

Music by Irving Kolodin *Chamber Charms* **90**

Records by Stephen Wadsworth *Basic Bartók* **91**

Diversions *Double-Crostic, puzzles, etc.* **96**

SR Recommends *Worth seeing, worth doing, worth having* **99**

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It's all "ho hum" to Adam Smith

It made the front page of *The New York Times* December 1, 1980, but the vanishing natural gas "shortage" wouldn't have been news to Adam Smith. Two hundred years ago, this Scottish economist postulated that free market forces are the best way to generate the production of goods and services society requires. The boost in U.S. natural gas production that followed even the slight easing of price controls shows this principle is still valid.

Just a few winters ago, America was caught up in the throes of a natural gas crisis. Factories closed down because of fuel shortages, and observers were gloomily predicting the rapid-fire depletion of domestic gas reserves.

But then, a funny thing happened on the way to doomsday. Congress passed legislation raising the price ceilings on newly discovered gas, and the economy's natural gyroscope started functioning again. Drillers reemphasized their search for natural gas, instead of regarding it largely as a by-product of oil production. This meant exploring in different areas, and at depths beyond those normally associated with oil. When some of these prospective gas regions were tested, not surprisingly, gas turned up—enormous quantities of it.

During 1979, 14,681 gas wells were drilled in the U.S., nearly double the number drilled in 1975, and these wells contributed an additional 11.4 trillion cubic feet to U.S. supplies. That's the energy equivalent of more than two billion barrels of oil—oil that might otherwise have to be imported. But that still wasn't enough to cover consumption and reverse the 10-year decline in the country's reserves. At current price ceilings, most newly discovered natural gas sells at the oil equivalent of about $15 a barrel—less than half of the current market price of oil, even though it's a cleaner-burning fuel than oil. In a December 9, 1980, editorial, *The New York Times* points out that even more gas could be found, and a lot sooner, if gas prices were allowed to reach free market levels now.

Despite the slowness of the move toward full price decontrol, domestic production in 1979 registered its first increase since 1973. One reason: it's now economical to recover gas from smaller reservoirs or less easily producible ones that, in the past, would have been ignored.

The simple economic lesson that Adam Smith taught us two centuries ago seems to apply to oil as well as gas. Partial decontrol of oil prices triggered a flurry of new petroleum activity. Capital and exploration expenditures—much of it in the U.S.—for the 19 leading American oil companies jumped 30 percent in the first six months of 1980. In the same period, oilmen completed some 29,200 U.S. wells, up a third over 1979 levels.

By the end of 1980, if exploratory and development wells are counted together, the U.S. total may prove to have been as high as 65,000 wells—which is over two and a half times the number of just nine years ago. About 239 million new barrels of oil were added to U.S. proved reserves in 1979—making that the best year for finding new resources since the huge Prudhoe Bay discovery of 1970.

All this shows that profit is the most effective mechanism man has ever devised to direct the flow of capital to where it's needed most. The remarkable success of this mechanism was regarded as a major news story by *The New York Times.* The real story, though, is how a country like America—which was reared on a system of democratic capitalism—could ever have forgotten it.

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LETTERS

Oriana's Image

Concerning Lucinda Franks's article "Behind the Fallaci Image" [January 1981]: The author's ammunition is weak, her sources are questionable.

Fallaci is not in the business of hiding the truth. The essence of a true journalist is to uncover the illusions that pass as truth, to help us distinguish and select that which is closest to reality.

The essence of a politician . . . well, let's just say it's hard to believe a "now member of Parliament" who dismisses the cause of Panagoulis's death as a case of his own bad driving.

Lorena Petani
Oak Park, Illinois

Oates Protests

Even malicious intent cannot account for the numerous inaccuracies and distortions in David Bell's review of my collection of stories *A Sentimental Education* [January]. Simply to take one example—Bell states that my most recent novels have been "gothic romances." But I have never written a gothic romance. My most recent novel, before the experimental *Bellefleur*, was an academic comedy, *Unholy Loves*; before that, *Son of the Morning* was a highly detailed exploration of the phenomenon of Fundamentalist and "born again" Christian sects in contemporary America, set in a surely recognizable economic and political milieu.

I find it something of a surprise to learn that I am accused of writing books I have not written, and of creating "soap opera" simply because, I suppose, I am a woman. Bell's reading of my work is so careless he speaks of the "supernatural"—a standard gothic device—where any attentive reader would find nothing more radical than a surrealist dream episode. Woman writers in America are accustomed to receiving overtly sexist reviews, whether positive or negative; but *Saturday Review*'s treatment of my book is extraordinary.

Joyce Carol Oates
Princeton, New Jersey

David Bell replies: Since Miss Oates seems less intent on addressing herself to my criticism of her stories than on quibbling over generic terminology, I will oblige her. Regarding my review of *A Sentimental Education* I clearly stated that much (not all) of her *recent* prose output has been "an unpruned orchard of high gothic romance." Is she unaware of her literary progenitors (Hawthorne, the Brontës, Le Fanu, *et al.*) who wrote well-pruned "high gothic romance"? My calling the matter of her latest tales the "stuff of soap opera" implied that *this* book had strong affinities with the offshoot of the genre, "women's gothics." Also, has she not read her own books *Night-Side, Son of the Morning*, and her opus magnus, *Bellefleur*? These books abound in "bleak and autumnal" gothic literary devices. As for the "surreal" ending of "Queen of the Night," I still prefer to call it "jarring supernaturalism"—how else to style a *diabolus ex machina* for which the bewildered reader is unprepared by the very undreamlike events that precede it? But, all this is beside the point. Miss Oates was not criticized for writing gothic tales, but for what seemed to be an attempt to pass off as literature what was merely an unusually passionate specimen of automatic writing.

Note: The photographs credited to David Finn in "Gerald Cantor's Rodins" [Great Private Collections, January] should have been credited to David Finn and Amy Binder.

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A Growing Wealth of Words

Fair warning: I write here unashamedly about a book project with which I have been personally involved—*March's Thesaurus-Dictionary*. Originally published in 1902, it represented a significant advance over *Roget's*. It combined dictionary definitions with a wide array of synonyms and associative words. Perhaps its most unique feature was the special system of juxtapositions it employed to bring out the full flavor of a word. The work was the product of one of America's most gifted lexicographers, Francis A. March. It dropped out of print sometime during the Thirties and quickly became a collector's item. I prized my copy, which became the single most useful reference work in my personal library, and called the book to the attention of Doubleday, which brought out a revised edition in 1958. After 20 years, that edition, too, dropped out of print. Then, in 1978, the late Harry Abrams brought out an updated edition under the imprint of his Abbeville Press.

What to me is most fascinating of all about the new edition is a supplement by Stuart Berg Flexner and R.A. Goodwin containing words and meanings that have come into the language since the original edition 80 years ago. The new supplement, therefore, is a guide to the language of the 20th century. Thousands of words have come into the language in a comparatively short time. Most of these words are by now so commonplace that it is difficult to imagine how people ever got along without them. It hardly seems possible that words like *activate, displacement, empathy, documentary, heartland, escalate, defeatist, disposable, euphoria, decibel, deflate, demote, imbalance, immobilize, intelligentsia, inoperable, deadline, foolproof, editorialize, highlight, threshold, thumbnail, addict, bypass,* and *backlash* are all of comparatively recent origin.

Many words, of course, are the products of 20th-century civilization. The automobile alone is responsible for a vast addition to the language. Consider *backup, convertible, jalopy, hot rod, trailer, van, hit-and-run, back-seat driver*, etc. Similarly, the world of aviation has enriched the vocabulary with *airport, blimp, glider, helicopter, runway, tailspin, jet lag, skywriting*, etc. Hardly less enriching to the language is the vocabulary of the space age: *blast-off, countdown, launching pad, splash-down*, and *moonshot*. Immediately adjacent is the entire new world of atomic energy: *antigravity, chain reaction, electron, fission, fusion, isotope, nuclear, radioactivity, reactor*, and *SALT*.

It's difficult to imagine how we got along without these commonplace words.

The advent of the Psychological Revolution has not been without its effects on the language. Witness *catharsis, escapism, extrovert, introvert, fixation, hang-up, id, identity crisis, inferiority complex, superiority complex, crack-up, flip out, freak out, go haywire, batty, bananas, masochism, sadism, hallucination, inhibition, libido, narcissism, Oedipus complex, neurosis, over-compensation, stream of consciousness, trauma, and wishful thinking.*

Words like *burnout, psych-out, psych-up, rationalize*, and *maladjusted* are the product of an age that is trying to understand itself. Closely related, of course, is the medical vocabulary that has spilled over to the general language, where we freely use words like *allergy, blackout, shut-in, whiplash, black lung, hormone*, and *holistic*.

As for uncomplimentary references, the 20th century is not lacking in derogation: *bonehead, boob, crackpot, dimwit, dumbbell, goof, kook, misfit, nitwit, punk, nut, rattlebrain, sad sack, screwball, zombie*.

Few developments in recent years have been more characteristic of American life than the arena of publicity and communications: *ballyhoo, blurb, buildup, centerfold, cheesecake, hand-out, hoopla, hype, plug, promo, public relations, sponsor, skywriting, throw-away, columnist, want ad*.

It is important to be reminded that the human species is in a constant condition of experimentation, adaptation, and adventure; and that language is a way of keeping astride change. It is also the currency of communication; we become richer in direct proportion to our linguistic capital. Progress for the individual or the group depends not just on purpose and action but the use of the right words. The greater the ability to express abstractions and nuances, the wider the thinking ability and the more effective the command of complex situations.

In recent years, we have seen the growth of the cult of incoherence; it is considered fashionable in some circles to grunt and stammer and to litter the language with stale expressions (*you know, I mean*, etc.). But the contraction of language is a temporary phenomenon. Far more significant and enduring is the infusion that comes from new ideas and new thrusts. The language has never been richer than it is today and it will become richer still. —**N.C.**

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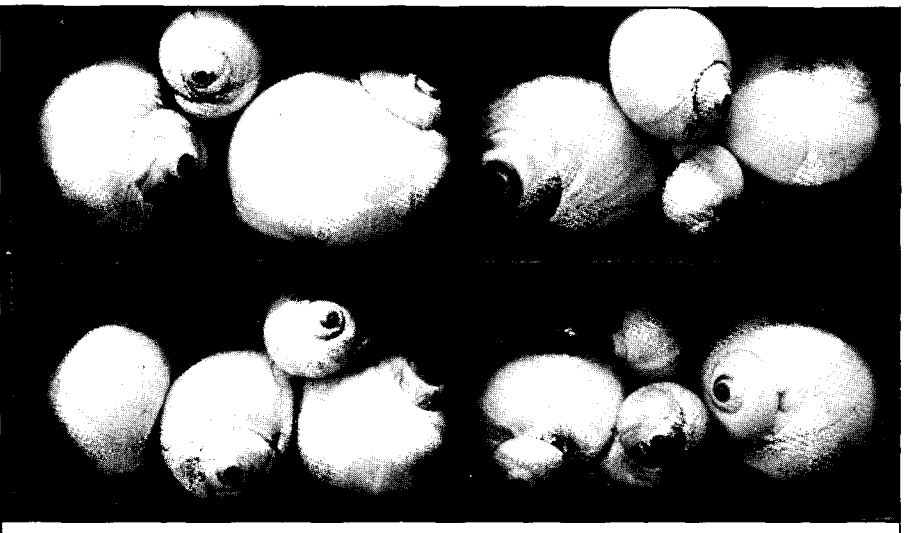
MARCH SPOTLIGHTS

Television

Three world-champion operatic heavyweights, soprano Joan Sutherland, mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne, and tenor Luciano Pavarotti, will command the televised **Live From Lincoln Center** arena in their first-ever appearance *en trois*, simulcast on radio in many cities. Richard Bonynge will conduct the New York City Opera Orchestra in a concert of superstar solos, duets, and trios. A program of Italian inevitables by Bellini, Verdi, Puccini, and Ponchielli will be spiced with a Sutherland rendition of Adele's "Laughing Song" from Strauss's *Die Fledermaus*; Pavarotti's performance of the "Flower Song" from Bizet's *Carmen*; and Marilyn Horne singing "Danny Boy"(!). For a grand finale, all three will wind up with the complete Act IV, Scene II from *Il Trovatore*. (March 23.)

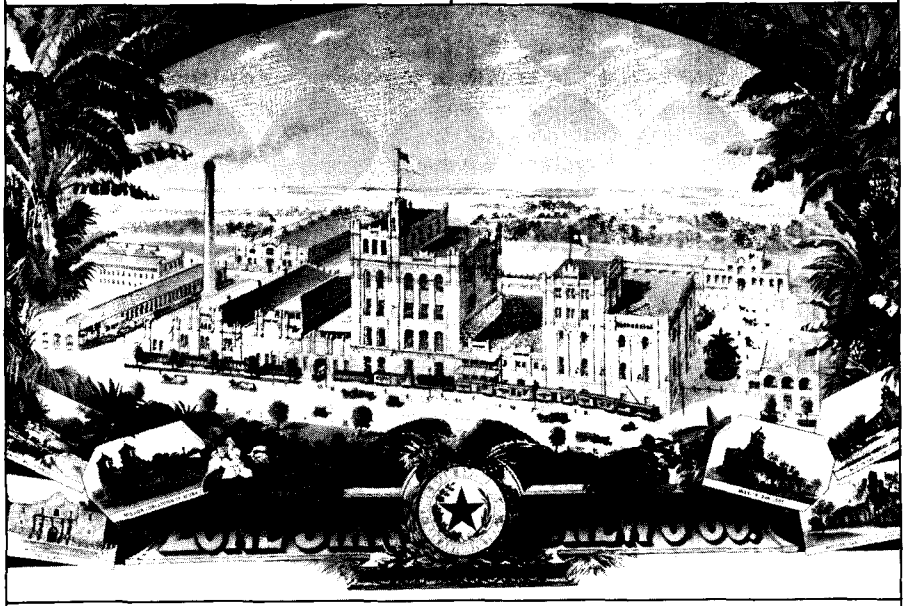


"Moonsnails," one of Olivia Parker's vibrant still-lifes, on view in Philadelphia.

Photography

"*Memento mori* on a tombstone says *remember death*," muses photographer **Olivia Parker**, "but it also reminds me that someone once lived." Parker is renowned for her *nature morte* photographs vibrant with life. "A row of peapods, alike in structure but alive in their variation, fascinates me," she says. "A row of plastic flowers identical in their structure but dead in their sameness would hold little appeal—unless they had been chewed by my dog, varied, altered by living energy."

This month, the Photography Gallery of Philadelphia will be exhibiting her latest work: large format, contact sheet prints, developed in a process called split-toning that suffuses the black-and-white pictures with a deep wine red; and the product of her experiments with a Polaroid camera that makes 20-by-24-inch color photographs. (March 6 through April 2.)



The Lone Star Brewery makes a comeback as San Antonio's new art museum.

Art

Prohibition put something of a damper on business at the Lone Star Brewery in San Antonio, Texas, so in 1921 it was turned into the Lone Star Cotton Mills, and later, ignominiously, into a storage facility for the Lone Star Ice and Foods Company. But this dismal history of downward mobility has been turned around. The old brewery has been bought by the **San Antonio Museum of Art** and converted into a spectacular museum to house its acclaimed collection. The designs for renewal by Cambridge Seven Associates, which include a glass elevator shaft and a glass-enclosed skywalk between the building's "modified Italian Romanesque" towers, won San Antonio the prestigious Progressive Architecture award.

San Antonio has one of the finest collections of contemporary art in the Southwest, with paintings and sculpture by Frank Stella, Wayne Thiebaud, Philip Pearlstein, Ron Davis, Richard Diebenkorn, and George Segal. It also

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Shields and Yarnell head a cast of crazies in the musical *Broadway Follies*.

Theater

After tirelessly scouring foreign climes, beating theatrical bushes, overturning vaudevillean stones, producer Edgar Lansbury has accumulated a wildly unlikely assortment of entertainers whom he will present on Broadway in **Broadway Follies**. Described as a "vaudeville musical," *Follies* will feature Lansbury's *rarae aves*: Roger and Milo and Their Duck, "a comedy trio"; Gaylord Maynord and his Drunken Horse Act ("just what it sounds like"); the Dancing Devils from Argentina, a bunch of bolo-swinging gauchos; Swedish knockabout acrobats; a comic juggler; a comic smoker from Italy; and a canine football team. Star billing goes to Shields and Yarnell, a husband-and-wife comedy team, and to Tessie O'Shea, a British music-hall comedienne. Thespis, eat your heart out! (Opens March 12.)

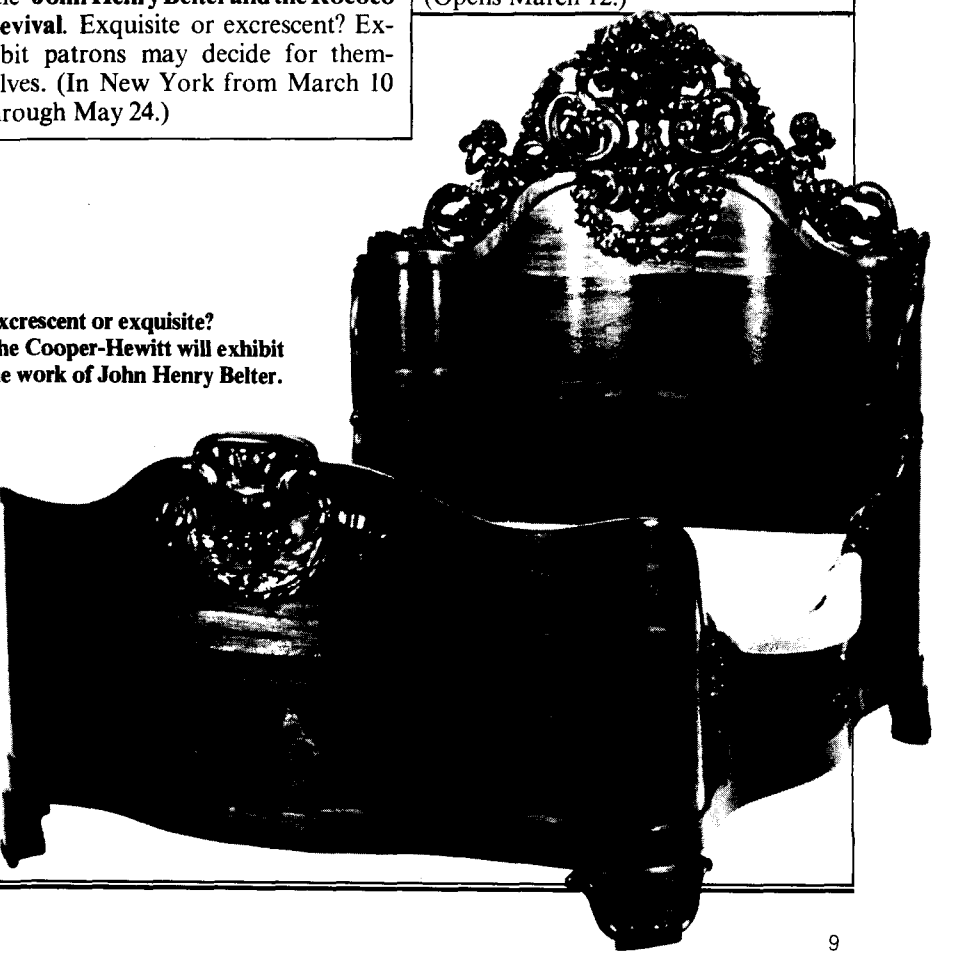
boasts an extensive collection of 18th- and 19th-century American art, including paintings by John Singleton Copley, Edward Hicks, Ernest Lawson, William Merritt Chase, Robert Henri, and Marsden Hartley; as well as a sculpture garden, and collections of Texarcana, and Pre-Columbian and American Indian Art. (Opening to the public March 1.)

of Design, in New York City. Afterwards the show will travel to the Mississippi Museum of Art and the Louisiana State Museum under the title **John Henry Belter and the Rococo Revival**. Exquisite or excrescent? Exhibit patrons may decide for themselves. (In New York from March 10 through May 24.)

Furniture

Tastes change. Once considered excessively ornate, graceless, and vulgar, the decorative furniture of 19th-century cabinet-maker John Henry Belter is now coming back in fashion. A small Belter table commanded a record $60,000 at auction recently. A German immigrant to this country in the 1840s Belter soon gained a wealthy clientele fond of his opulently sculptured rosewood, mahogany, and oak furniture. Belter's popularity has been spurred in this decade by an increased interest among collectors in Rococo Revival, and a renewed appreciation of his consummate craftsmanship.

This month, many authenticated Belter pieces will be on view at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum



Excrescent or exquisite? The Cooper-Hewitt will exhibit the work of John Henry Belter.

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

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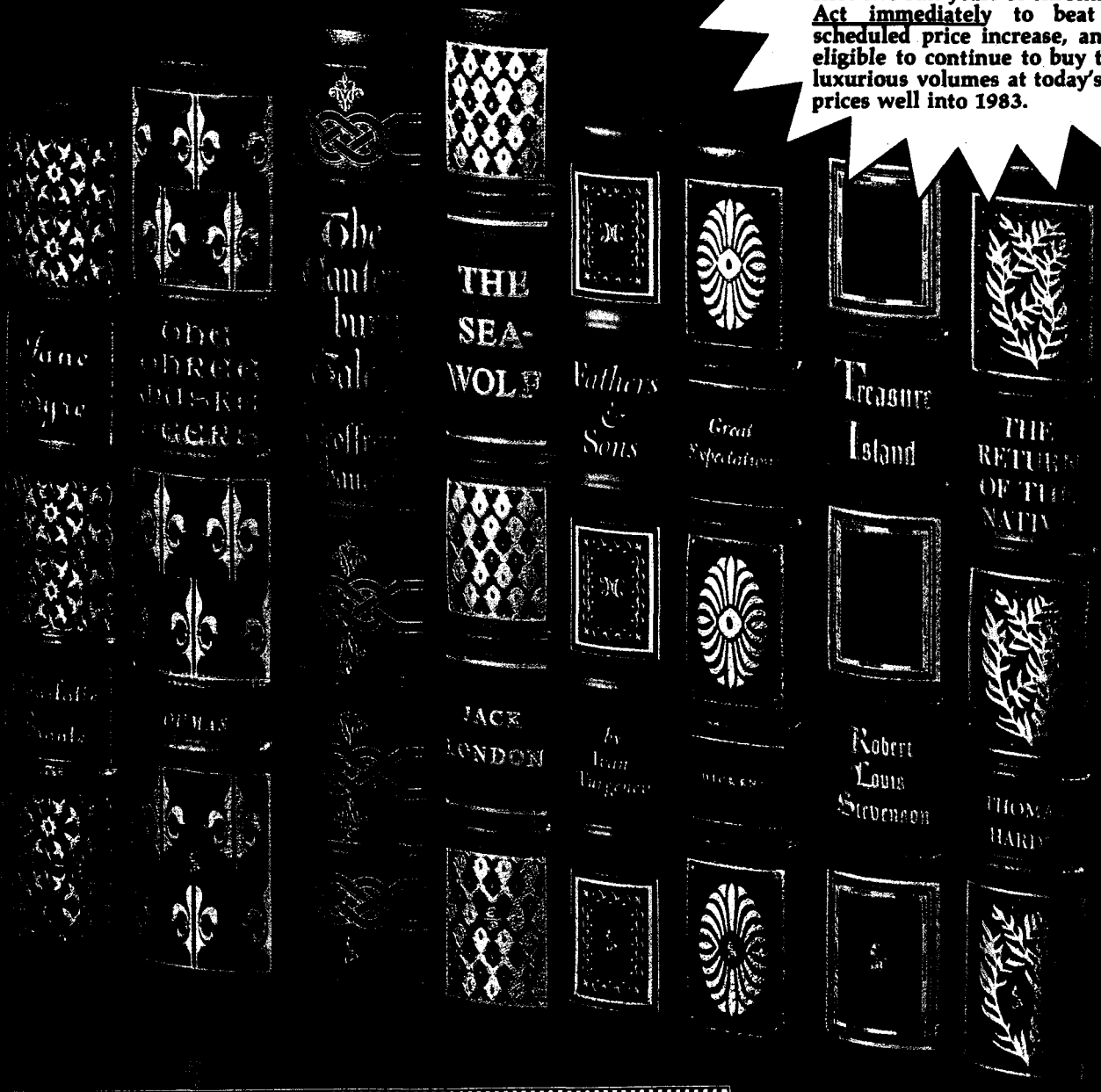

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The World's Five Best-Selling Authors

by Scot Haller

One might assume that identifying the five most-popular living authors in the English language would require one well-placed phone call. "Surely Mario Puzo will be included," said an editor at *Publisher's Weekly*. "I'd say James Michener," offered an executive with a paperback house. "What about John D. McDonald?" asked an officer at the Authors Guild.

None of the above.

Today's best-selling authors are hardly the most esteemed authors in the language. Neither, as it turns out, are they even the best-known names in contemporary literature. But, as the most popular current attractions, their books satisfy—and, at the same time, reflect—the fantasies and desires of vast segments of the book-buying public.

Two of our five are international brand-name authors; three are less widely familiar. Indeed, one or two may be entirely unknown outside their circles of fans.

Janet Dailey, for example, a one-time secretary who lives in a trailer in Branson, Missouri, has 54 novels to her credit, not one in hardcover. But according to our research, Janet Dailey currently reigns as one of the country's top-selling authors.

Yes, Janet Dailey.

If that distinction does not belong to Mary McCarthy, Joyce Carol Oates, or any other grande dame of the serious novel, then one might have expected that it belongs to a belle of the best-seller list: Taylor Caldwell, Judith Krantz, or perhaps Mary Stewart. But although book reviewers concentrate almost exclusively on hardcover titles, hardcover sales are not always an accurate barometer of commercial success. Instead, it is the huge paperback market that ultimately determines the breadth of an author's popularity.

Not even paperback best-seller lists necessarily reflect the size of an author's audience. As the *New York Times Book Review* dutifully notes each week, its mass-market paperback best-seller tally is "based on computer-processed reports from bookstores and representative wholesalers with more than 40,000 outlets across the United States." Then why don't Barbara Cartland and Louis L'Amour appear more regularly on that list? Primarily because these authors traffic in genre fiction, which often moves fastest in establishments that do not report to the *Times Book Review* or *Publisher's Weekly*. How many truck stops are included among those 40,000 outlets? According to Bantam Books, L'Amour's publishers, truck stops constitute the largest market for L'Amour westerns, which are said to outsell *Playboy* in such locations.

Because no agency or association maintains complete records of the total-copies-sold in an author's career, our compilation represents a novel experiment in an imprecise science. In each case, the estimated figures have been supplied by publicity departments of publishing houses and are based on the most recent sales statistics available. So, give or take a few million, the five best-selling authors alive today are:

#1 Under his pen name, Harold Francis Rubin has sold more than 200 million copies of his 15 titles. Each week, an estimated 280,000 people—or roughly, all of adult Omaha—purchase a Harold Robbins book. All of his novels have remained in print since publication, beginning with *Never Love a Stranger* (1948). That one was brought out by the esteemed Alfred A. Knopf, who also gave Rubin his pseudonym.

Never Love a Stranger was born of a $100 bet Robbins made with a production chief at Universal Studios. At the time, Robbins was a financial vice-president at the studio, and he wagered that he could write a better book than the ones Universal was buying. A New York City high-school dropout, Robbins now earns $7.5 million per novel. The 68-year-old author also claims that he never rewrites.

Robbins's narrative recipe calls for one overachieving, oversexed male, a smattering of beautiful, often wealthy females, a heaping amount of bedroom politics, another of board-room politics, a dash of violence, and a large scoop of the inside scoop on a glamorous industry or crowd—all whipped together in a potpourri of exotic locations. Here, for instance, is a description of a Malibu suite in *The Lonely Lady*: "A corner room with an ocean view on two sides, it was decorated in Mexican Mediterranean. The bed was Hollywood king sized and looked as if it were intended to sleep six people." In Robbins's world, the rich *are* different: They have bigger beds.

Robbins himself has acknowledged that he usually usurps the recognizable life stories of famous names for his narratives. "I never invent anything," he has noted. "I translate them into novel forms." Thus, the automotive clan of *The Betsy* bears a striking resemblance to the Fords of Detroit. Publishing magnate Gareth Brendan in *Dreams Die First* reminds some readers of Hugh Hefner. "Big Dan" Huggins in *Memories of Another Day* closely parallels Jimmy Hoffa.

A Robbins novel is simultaneously an exposé and a masquerade. His books inundate us with gossipy inside information, and at the same time, they invite us to solve a mystery: Who is that

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#1

HAROLD ROBBINS

(Never Love a Stranger, The Betsy, Dreams Die First, etc.)

Genre
Celebrity voyeurism

Copies in print
200,000,000

#2

BARBARA CARTLAND

(Never Laugh at Love, The Prince and the Pekingese, Pride and the Poor Princess, etc.)

Genre
Historical romance

Copies in print
150,000,000

masked celebrity climbing into the king-sized bed?

#2 Unlike the majority of her colleagues, Barbara Cartland is a writer who doesn't write. The 79-year-old Englishwoman begins the composition of each new romance by gathering her secretary, her notebooks of research, a white fur rug to wrap around herself, and retreating to the large library in her estate house outside London. (Occasionally, she brings a hot-water bottle along, too.) Reclining on a chaise, she *dictates* the peculiar combination of historical drama, virginal heroine, and rakish hero that constitutes a Cartland novel.

She claims she has sold 150 million copies of her 275-plus titles around the globe. In 1976, she wrote 21 books—surpassing the world record set the year before by . . . Barbara Cartland. In that 12-month span, she wrote 19 novels. And a cookbook. Before the end of 1981, Bantam Books, her American paperback publisher, will issue 18 new novels, all of which will display her name more prominently than the titles (*Never Laugh at Love*, *The Prince and the Pekingese*).

Cartland attributes her voluminous output to her daily diet of vitamins. A health enthusiast, she is said to consume as many as 80 vitamins a day. Twice-married and now widowed, she is the mother of three children, a daughter and two sons. One son handles her research, the other her financial affairs. Often photographed in one of her extravagant gowns or beside her white Rolls-Royce, Cartland looks a decade or so younger than her 79 years.

Like Harold Robbins, she divides her tales into short chapters filled with one-sentence paragraphs. While Robbins favors expansive narratives, a Cartland novel usually contains only 50,000-60,000 words, or about 170 paperback pages. But these stories differ from Robbins's in another essential way: Cartland doesn't forfeit her heroine's chastity until the last possible minute, usually the last paragraph of

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SYLVIA WALLACE

#3

IRVING WALLACE

(The Word, The Pigeon Project, The Chapman Report, etc.)

Genre
Conspiracy thriller

Copies in print
130,000,000

the book. *Pride and the Poor Princess* concludes with this sentence: "Then, as his lips held her captive and her body was invaded with a strange fire which burned away pride and hatred and everything except love, she felt him undoing the back of her gown." Indeed, the phrase "As his lips held her captive" also appears on the final page of *The Goddess and the Gaiety Girl.*

Cartland's paperback romances seethe not with sex but with historical detail. Nearly all her narratives take place in the past. Cartland pledges as great an allegiance to historical accuracy as she does to chastity. In the Author's Note that invariably precedes each text, she alerts the reader to the authenticity of her details and the extent of her research.

For the women who make up 98 percent of Cartland's audience, her novels offer a joy ride through the time tunnel, a travel to an era of seemingly simpler morality and marriages. Although the history lessons differ from title to title, the plots are interchangeable. Her constancy *is* her appeal. Like her chaste heroines, the author is forever faithful to her fans (and her formula). In that regard, she has earned the title frequently bestowed upon her: the High Priestess of Love.

#3 Alfred A. Knopf also introduced Irving Wallace to the publishing world. In 1945, Knopf published Wallace's first book, a collection of biographical pieces entitled *The Fabulous Originals.* A former screenwriter who worked in Hollywood for 10 years before he turned to prose, Wallace vaulted onto the best-seller lists in 1950 with his novel, *The Chapman Report.* He has reappeared there with many of his 23 other books, including his latest novel *The Second Lady*, a thriller about a KGB conspiracy to replace the President's wife with a Soviet look-alike.

The 64-year-old patriarch of a writing clan comprised of wife Sylvia, daughter Amy, and son David Wallechinsky, Wallace has sold more than 130 million books himself. Focusing on a well-known institution—the presidency in *The Man* and *The Second Lady*, organized religion in *The Word*, Hollywood in *The Fan Club*—Wallace engineers plots that pivot upon a speculation: What would happen if a black became President of the United States? What if a biblical text that contradicts the New Testament were found? What if a cinematic sex goddess were kidnapped by a group of overly enthusiastic male fans? Wallace also compiles almanacs along the lines of his popular nonfiction works, *The Book of Lists* and *The Book of Predictions* (written with his daughter and son).

In his zeal for obscure facts worthy of mention, Wallace estimates he uncovers "five times as much research" as he finally uses. For *The Second Lady,* he says, "I kept coming up with facts I was tempted to work into the novel but finally decided against using. Like the fact that Rosalyn Carter's personal staff cost the government $650,000 annually. Like the fact that Betty Ford claimed she was the first President's wife in a half century to sleep in the same bed with her husband."

This latter fact is precisely the sort that Wallace favors in his 12 novels. Although his books rely on sex for commercial success, they depend even more on fear. In such novels as *The Pigeon Project* and *The R Document*, Wallace plays upon persuasive paranoias: our insecurity about national security, our predilection for conspiracy theories, our anxiety over the unraveling social fabric.

#4 Of the five authors discussed here, Louis L'Amour has probably received the most critical approval. Like Barbara Cartland, L'Amour rates as the most popular writer in his genre—the much-maligned western novel. His affection for the Old West, transmitted in 78 novels, has translated into sales of nearly 110 million books.

Now in his early seventies (and secretive about his exact age), L'Amour was born in Jamestown, North Dakota, where he resided for his first 15 years. As do the youthful heroes of his fiction, he then left home and headed west, where he was employed, at various times, as a longshoreman, lumberjack, fruit picker, and elephant handler before he began to write fiction. He now lives with his wife and two teenaged children in California.

For frontier sagas, such novels as *Mustang Man* and *The First Fast Draw* feature relatively few fist-fights, flare-ups, or shoot-outs. L'Amour's hero draws a gun only as a matter of justice. His feller in the white hat has a knack for down-home conversations on man's ways and a head for flowery observation on nature's

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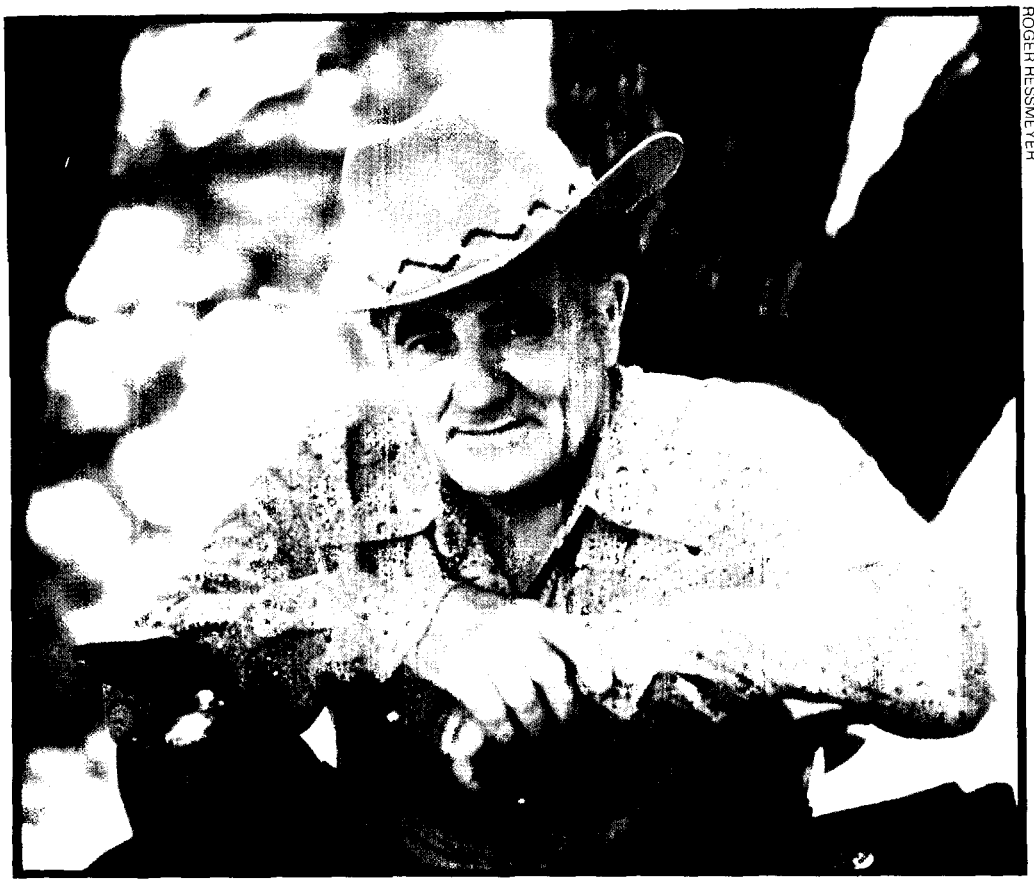

ROGER RESSMEYER

#4

LOUIS L'AMOUR

(Mustang Man, The First Fast Draw, The Warrior's Path, etc.)

Genre
Western

Copies in print
110,000,000

ways. Kin Sackett, the uneducated narrator of *The Warrior's Path*, is given to such fanciful flights as: "The narrow road was a dim path through dark jungle broken here and there by open country turned from jungle to planting to grazing. The moon was rising, still unseen. The rail fences at some places took on a skeletonlike appearance."

If readers aren't getting the power and the glory of gunslinging in a L'Amour adventure, then what is the attraction? Besides a fast read—L'Amour calls himself "a troubadour, a village taleteller"—there is a bounty of information about the Old West. Working from an 8,000-volume library in his home and paying persnickety attention to details, L'Amour has emerged as a pop expert on the West. Even critics who pan his books praise his historical accuracy.

L'Amour offers his readers what Cartland offers hers: an escape hatch. Empty of contemporary problems, his desert landscape is an oasis for the male reader. Along with vicarious thrills and historical footnotes, L'Amour's tales trumpet a period when good guys and bad guys were readily distinguishable. "I write about men with hair on their chests," he has observed.

#5 Janet Dailey is the newest name among this writers' bloc. Her rapid rise has prompted even savvy industry veterans to ask: Who is Janet Dailey and why does she live in a trailer in Branson, Missouri? A 36-year-old former secretary for a construction company, Dailey shares her Silver Streak trailer with her husband and former boss, Bill. Heralded as this country's most popular romance novelist, she has sold 80 million copies worldwide. Early in her literary career, she was the only American author writing romances under the Harlequin imprint. Recently, she has widened her audience with a series of mass-market paperback originals for Pocket Books. The plots of *Touch the Wind* and *Night Way* are part modern romance, part modern western, and part modern gothic. The books have generated such a response from the author's female readership that Pocket Books has initiated a Janet Dailey Newsletter.

To assimilate the flavor and folklore of her next setting, Dailey and her husband often travel to the designated area in their trailer. Dailey's ambition is to have written novels set in every state of the union; she is currently completing her Alaska manuscript.

Set in contemporary times, a Dailey novel usually shifts midway from its urban locale to a primitive area where ancient, mysterious customs still prevail. Like her savage heroes, Dailey's books are in effect half-breeds: They combine the sex sequences of a Robbins or Wallace love story with the historical details of a Cartland or L'Amour adventure. Her heroine is often an independent, wealthy, spoiled lady with the sexual appetites of a Robbins vamp. Traveling to a remote region such as the High Sierras, she encounters a marauder who tames her wicked temperament, makes love more often than a Wallace stud, and recounts enough folklore to send Barbara Cartland screaming for her notebooks.

As in the lyrics of country-and-western songs, which Dailey also writes, this city slicker and mountain man make strange bedfellows. Here is an embrace from *Ride the Thunder*: "She curled her long legs beneath her so she could sit closer to him. With her other hand, she reached out to trace and smooth the grimness from his mouth and jaw. He shuddered violently at her touch and hauled her into his arms. Crushing her against him, the pain he inflicted was a sweet sting of love." In this case, the odd couple consists of the banker's daughter and the hunting guide. That hint of sadomasochistic sex, which is more than hinted at in other sections, distinguishes Dailey from her colleagues on this list.

As the rapid ascension of Dailey attests, the volatile nature of the paperback market leaves each of these authors liable to future expulsion from our list. A challenger

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NANCY RICA SCHIFF

#5

JANET DAILEY

(Touch the Wind, Ride the Thunder, Night Way, etc.)

Genre
Contemporary gothic

Copies in print
80,000,000

may appear at any time. In fact, as our search was on occasion frustrated by pen names, trade secrets, and the discretion of certain publishers, there may exist other untouted territories of literary popularity.

Each author on our list employs an idiosyncratic formula. Among them, there exist very few overlaps in subject matter or literary style. One would never mistake a Robbins seduction for a Cartland love scene, a Dailey extended metaphor for a sparse L'Amour passage.

However, there are some similarities that reveal as much about the readers as about the writers. Each novelist is a straightforward storyteller, an apostle of narratives that have a clear beginning, middle, and end. Especially the end. These novels seldom conclude with a question mark or a questionable move. As Robbins writes at the conclusion of *Never Love a Stranger*, "There was no need for questions. They all knew the answer." In fact, a good number of these characters sprint to their fates. The final sentence of Dailey's *Touch the Wind*: "She ran to him." The final image of Wallace's *The Word*: "She came running, plowing through the snow, to him."

All these novelists write about worlds that are beyond the reach of most readers, whether because of financial considerations (as with Robbins) or temporal obstacles (as with L'Amour). Although the locales range from a 19th-century English castle to a 20th-century Nevada dude ranch, each novelist depicts an idealized existence free of moral ambiguity, a utopian sphere that spins toward a happy end (or reasonable facsimile thereof) for the hero.

In the course of telling his or her tale, each writer imparts a great deal of "inside information." Whether the details are historical (as with Cartland and L'Amour), gossipy (as with Robbins and Wallace) or a combination of the two (Dailey), the data gives the manuscript legitimacy, and the reader a did-you-know dividend. Some of the information supplied here may be of no consequence—what good does it do most of us to know where to park when visiting the Kremlin?—but the facts represent an effort to enrich the reader and ennoble the book.

Does the consistency of these tales suggest that these authors cynically superimpose their formulas upon each book? And if concocting a formula for pop fiction is all it takes to win massive acceptance, then why can't any more or less literate B.A. turn a similar trick?

Plenty have tried. However, the novelists on our roster possess more than a formula for the masses; they possess the *taste* of the masses, too. Their Midas touch springs from a sincere mass-audience mentality: These authors espouse the same principles as the book-buying public; they share the same perspectives on society and on literature.

Each author has also demonstrated faith in and affection for his fictional world by adopting a style of living that reflects those of his characters. Robbins jets between homes on the French Riviera and California. Amid the antiques of her estate, Cartland lives like a titled lady in one of her romances. Wallace is safely protected in his Los Angeles mansion. Dailey regularly embarks for the wilderness. And L'Amour is overseeing plans for the construction of an authentically recreated western town, to be built at the corner where Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado converge.

Finally, these writers owe their popularity to that most basic, time-honored formula: good guys vs. bad guys. These novels insist that good is rewarded and evil punished. In a Cartland romance, the virginal heroine woos the cavalier hero away from the strumpet of easy virtue. In a L'Amour western, the cowboy rights all wrongs done him and his kin. In a Robbins novel, the reckless members of the jet set are eventually grounded. Despite the calamities that befall these characters, by the denouement, all's right with the world.

By advancing such reassuring notions, these writers fulfill the great expectations of their readers. They tell us: The rich are more miserable than you and me. Goodness and virtue outlive evil and promiscuity. Even the little guy can bring down an international conspiracy. Even the orphaned son can find his way West. All is not lost.

Offering a certain refuge in an uncertain world, the gods in this pop pantheon provide solace and encouragement for their disciples, who give thanks by returning to their folds—and enhancing their billfolds—again and again. ■

Scot Haller is a film critic and freelance writer.

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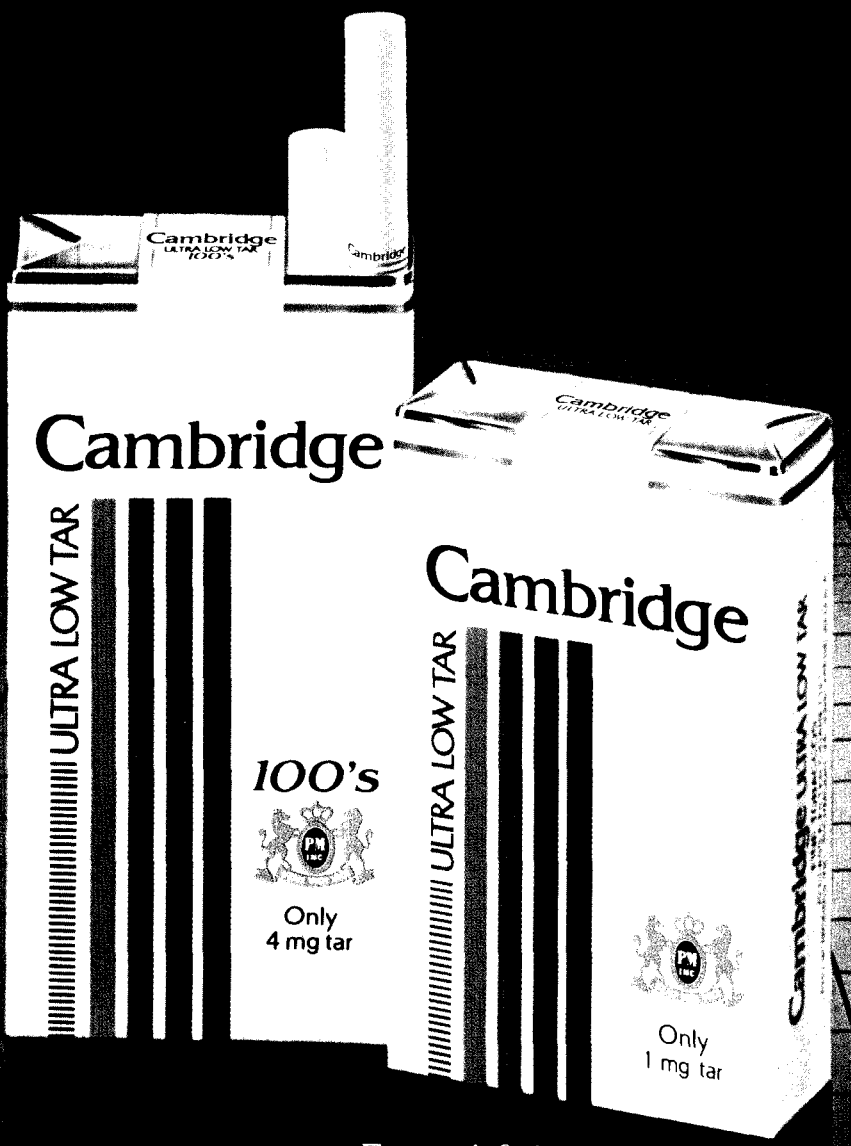

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Virtuosos as Conductors

Why the Rush to Grab Batons?

by Richard Thorne

There is a joke making the rounds of the orchestra world this season that goes like this: An orchestra player asks a colleague: "Are you going to see Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau conduct tonight?" The colleague replies: "Oh no, I've got tickets to hear Georg Solti's debut vocal recital."

Neither Solti nor any other conductor in memory has, of course, set aside conducting to pursue a vocal or instrumental career, but in the past few years a formidable number of soloists have taken up the baton. Some are singers like Fischer-Dieskau, baritone Sherrill Milnes, and tenor Placido Domingo. Some are pianists like Murray Perahia, Christoph Eschenbach, Vladimir Ashkenazy, and Philippe Entremont. Some are wind or brass players like flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal, French horn player Barry Tuckwell, and trumpet virtuoso Gerard Schwarz.

Inspired by the success of pianist Daniel Barenboim (who has been conducting for the past 15 years) or violinist Alexander Schneider (who has been conducting for the last 30) or cellist Mstislav Rostropovich (who conducted for years in the Soviet Union before becoming music director of Washington's National Symphony in 1977), virtuosos/conductors have been turning up with increasing frequency on recordings, at summer festivals, and as guest conductors of major orchestras. The Houston Symphony has established a series called "The Performer Conducts," and four American orchestras now have virtuosos as their music directors: Pianist Philippe Entremont heads the New Orleans Symphony; trumpeter Gerard Schwarz heads *both* the Los Angeles and Y Chamber orchestras; and violinist Pinchas Zukerman, who at age 33 is considered one of the best living violinists, heads the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra.

For 15 years, Zukerman has been performing as a soloist and chamber musician. He has made nearly 50 records, several television specials and, by carefully attending to his media exposure, has become a nationally recognized public figure. Soon after beginning his concert career, he decided to perform as a violist as well as a violinist; some time later, he began to dabble in conducting. He had been building up his repertoire for several years as a guest conductor when, last fall, he began work as St. Paul's music director. His decision to devote nearly half his time to conducting and the impact of that decision on the fortunes of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra have been the talk of musicians, managers, concertgoers, and critics all season.

"You can see it in a soloist's eye," says Eugene Ormandy. "They all want to conduct."

Some categorize Zukerman—and the whole group of virtuosos/conductors—as "the laughingstock of the business" and as opportunists who are using their celebrity to enter a profession for which they have not been trained. Others argue that extraordinary musical talents such as Zukerman's have never and can never be confined to one instrument or one style or one form of music-making. The virtuosos, to a man, say that taking up conducting was a natural step in their musical evolution, while critics warn about the falling off of standards at performances where the conductor is still learning his craft.

Nonetheless, there are two essential reasons why boards of symphony orchestras are giving instrumental virtuosos a chance to wield batons. The first is that there are simply not enough first-rate conductors in the marketplace. There are 162 orchestras now in the U.S. which pay full professional salaries to their musicians, compared with 43 only 20 years ago, and orchestras in major cities have begun performing (by union demand) 52 weeks every year.

The second reason is every bit as basic: money. For example, the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra was founded 13 years ago and is the country's only full-time chamber orchestra, but during the 1979-1980 season it appeared to be on its last legs. Its conductor, Dennis Russell Davies, had made somewhat of a name for the orchestra, but critical acclaim did not pay the bills. The group recorded for minor labels that did not pay high fees; Davies's promotion of contemporary music was not calculated to bring in concertgoers who had the option of attending more conservative concerts in Minneapolis; and Davies himself did not have the kind of public following that sells tickets. When he asked to expand the orchestra, he was refused; when he asked for a raise, he was refused. The money wasn't there. Davies resigned.

Zukerman first conducted the St. Paul Orchestra nearly three years ago and was asked whether he might be interested in the position Davies was to vacate. When he indicated that he was, "everybody—musicians, management, the community—swung behind it in a

Violinist/violist/conductor Pinchas Zukerman in his New York study.

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great big lump," according to one orchestra member. Zukerman asked for and received more than double Davies's salary; he asked for and received five new orchestra members.

Although the extent of their financial investment has frightened some people in the St. Paul music community, they are already beginning to see returns. Earned income has gone up "astronomically" since Zukerman's appointment. He more than doubled the number of concerts within the Twin City area and the concerts sold out; he demanded more money for the orchestra's Midwest and West Coast tours and got that; he has planned to take the orchestra to South America and Europe on tour; and he has invited a string of his friends, including Daniel Barenboim, Isaac Stern, cellist Lynn Harrell, and his own wife, flutist Eugenia Zukerman, to be guest soloists.

"The feeling is that we have a coup with Pinky," says Tom Kornacker, principal second violinist with the orchestra and a former classmate of Zukerman's at Juilliard. "He came here and generated the kind of enthusiasm that has not been seen here ever before. With Pinky came CBS, *Life* magazine, the newsweeklies. With Pinky came management with ICM and a recording contract with CBS. We've already made two and a half records with him and 10 more are scheduled. The fundraisers are excited because people are interested in us now."

The experience of St. Paul is not unique. When Gerard Schwarz took over the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra from Neville Marriner in 1978, the ensemble was broke and dispirited. Since then, it has doubled its audience, moved to a larger hall, and embarked on a series of recordings. Early indications are that Philippe Entremont will enhance the fortunes of the New Orleans Symphony as well.

If the reasons are clear why symphonies are offering opportunities to prominent virtuosos, the more problematic question is: Why are virtuosos accepting? *Saturday Review*'s music critic Irving Kolodin points out, "Older artists of the caliber of Horowitz or Rubinstein would have been offended by the implication that they were incapable of fulfilling themselves on their chosen instrument." And historically, that has been everyone's impression.

But conductor Eugene Ormandy insists, "You can see it in a soloist's eye. Isaac Stern would turn around and watch the violin section and you could see his desire to talk to them, to show them how to improve their technique. Sometimes he does talk to them, which makes it very hard for a conductor. Yet he never said he wanted to conduct, and so we never offered. But they all want to become conductors."

If musicians of Stern's generation and older never asked, the current generation is less bashful, and to understand this shift in posture, it is necessary to understand changing trends in the world of music. Soloists have been the stuff of legends since ancient times, but conductors have only come into prominence in the past hundred years. Until the 19th century, a conductor was a musician who simply beat time so that two dozen or so instrumentalists could keep more or less together. But as composers wrote increasingly intricate scores for ever larger ensembles, orchestra size doubled, then tripled. Players soon could neither see nor hear each other and needed the services of a conductor who would give them their cues, coordinate meter changes, work out the balance of sound between various sections, or simply explain what was happening at a given point in the music. Composer/conductor Richard Wagner was the first man to step into the role.

Wagner was followed by a line of intensely charismatic conductors including Arthur Nikisch, Gustav Mahler, Arturo Toscanini, and Bruno Walter—all of whom cultivated a mystique which rivaled that of the most demonic piano or violin virtuoso. Television consolidated the conductor's preeminence. It could even capture what the concertgoers could not see: the face of the maestro as he communicated with his players. It confirmed what musicians already knew: The conductor had become the most important figure in the music business.

At the same time that the conductor was becoming more important, the virtuoso was losing ground. Until World War II, there had existed a lively recital circuit that the soloist traveled, calling all the shots himself. Today, the virtuoso recital is attended mostly by music students, the excitement (except in the cases of a few recital-circuit veterans like Vladimir Horowitz) is gone, and the bread and butter of a virtuoso's

career is performing old chestnuts with orchestras—the same Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms concertos. "It's interesting that with the evolution of more orchestras, more concerts, more places to perform and quicker ways to get to them," Zukerman says, "we end up playing only the same pieces over and over. Repetition may be good for practicing, for accumulating knowledge, and for developing ideas, but when you play the Brahms concerto 15 times in a given season and the Mendelssohn 25 times, it can get stale."

Like almost all virtuosos, Zukerman was a child prodigy who began playing at age 10 or 12 some of the same music he performs today. His parents—both Holocaust survivors—had settled in Tel Aviv after the war, and his father, who had been a violinist in the Warsaw Philharmonic, was his first teacher. When Zukerman was 10 years old, violinist Isaac Stern pronounced him "a burning talent." Three years later, an Israeli businessman paid his air fare to New York where various scholarships paid for his study at Juilliard.

Although he flunked out of the High School of Performing Arts, spent much of his time in pool halls, and refused to practice according to the schedule that his Juilliard teacher set for him, Zukerman was, musically, a super-achiever. When he made his New York debut at 15, the *New York Times* pronounced him "phenomenal." By the time he was 19, he had won a major international

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Pianist Philippe Entremont has become conductor of the New Orleans Symphony.

violin competition, signed a recording contract, and come under the management of Sol Hurok. At 23, he was widely labeled a "superstar."

Zukerman's first teacher in conducting was pianist Daniel Barenboim, an Israeli about six years older than Zukerman. Barenboim had started studying conducting as a teenager. "By 1968, when I met him, he was conducting the English Chamber Orchestra," recalls Zukerman, "and I benefited from his experience. I never thought I'd conduct. I never thought I'd play the viola either. But when I was playing with the English Chamber Orchestra, they asked me to try conducting from my stand. So I played and conducted. I asked Daniel to show me a few things. I worked from his parts. I had some basic knowledge of beating time because I had once taken a conducting course at Juilliard. And things just evolved."

There are many reasons soloists cite for turning to conducting, usually beginning with the relative poverty of repertoire for their own instrument, be it French horn, flute, cello, or violin. "Being a conductor is also a lot safer than being a soloist," says independent record producer Andrew Kazdin, formerly with CBS Masterworks. "A soloist worries about every note he plays; you can't play a wrong note as a conductor. A soloist has a memory lapse and either has to stop or improvise; a conductor may have a tremendous memory lapse but as long as he goes on beating, the audience is none the wiser—the orchestra may not even notice. It's a profession in which mediocre people can coast for quite a while before anyone makes a fuss."

Conductor Erich Leinsdorf agrees, and adds, "One of the motivations is that soloists who try conducting might have been unhappy with many of the conductors who accompanied them. To master a concerto as a soloist you must study in a depth that you don't need in order to conduct, and soloists often become discontented. They decide they could do it better.

"Then when they try it, they find out that the whole thing isn't very difficult at all. It's much easier to conduct than it is to be a soloist—so long as you don't get involved with certain works or certain orchestras.

"And finally, these artists don't trust Social Security. They see conducting as an old-age pension." As soloists grow older, Leinsdorf explains, they can't always continue to perform competently on their particular instrument—"but they can always expect to conduct into their dotage!"

Further, when most of today's soloists were beginning to train for their careers, there was still glory associated with being a recitalist. Since that glory has now shifted to conducting, many virtuosos are running after it. Of course, publicly, all give the same reason for their moves that Hollywood actors cite when they decide to direct their own movies: They have arrived at a point where they want control of the artistic product. "It wasn't that I was bored," says Gerard Schwarz, who had spent eight years in a chamber group and four as co-principal trumpet of the New York Philharmonic while concertizing and recording as a soloist. "It wasn't even that I felt superior to the conductors I played under, because we had some extraordinary conductors. But I began to feel that I wanted to do things my way instead of their way."

For all the virtuosos, the decision to formally and publicly declare themselves conductors was to invite criticism, not only from music critics, but from fans, family, and colleagues. "The biggest problem was psychological," says Schwarz. "I'd play trumpet concerts, make lots of money, get great reviews, and listen to people telling me how stupid it would be for a terrific trumpet player to become a mediocre conductor. It was clear that almost everybody I knew thought I was making a mistake. It didn't seem to occur to any of them that it was possible for a good soloist to become a good conductor."

Zukerman, whom the *New York Times* once described as "self assured to the point of being cocky," recalls lapses of self-confidence too. "The scariest thing is hearing that sound actually coming at you when you are on the podium," he says. "It's like a huge blast of wind and you feel it will knock you over. You have to control it. You become *the* center of attention. And either you go into a shell or else you say, 'Good evening ladies and gentlemen, here I am.'"

Both Zukerman and Schwarz, who were high-school classmates in New York, say that though it takes time, they have no difficulty learning new repertoire. Zukerman says that when he performs as a soloist with orchestras, he sits off to the side of the stage or in the hall with an orchestral score, watching, listening, and taking notes. Although Schwarz actually took two conducting lessons from veteran conductor Jorge Mester, Zukerman took none and sees

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If they are offended by the ideas in certain books, then the law should ban those books from your libraries and schools.

And like Joe McCarthy, they believe that anyone who disagrees with them should be barred from teaching in the public schools.

These new groups are on the march and growing stronger each day. Their agenda is clear and frightening: they mean to capture the power of government and use it to establish a nightmare of religious and political orthodoxy.

And they are dangerously deceptive. They appear to represent American patriotism, because they wrap themselves in the American flag and use words like "family" and "life" and "tradition."

In fact, their kind of "patriotism" violates every principle of liberty that underlies the American system of government. It is intolerant. It stands against the First Amendment guarantees of freedom of expression and separation of church and state. It threatens academic freedom. And it denies to whole groups of people the equal protection of the laws.

The new evangelicals are a radical anti-Bill-of-Rights movement. They seek not to conserve American values, but to overthrow them. And conservatives as well as liberals should stand up against them.

THE DANGER POINT.

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We are facing a major struggle over the Bill of Rights. This struggle does not involve the question of whether the Moral Majority and other groups like them have the right to speak. They do, and we would defend that right. The danger lies in the content of their views, not in their right to express them.

Nor is it a question of political parties. The ACLU is non-partisan and does not endorse or oppose candidates for public office. But we will make certain that, whatever other changes may occur in the political arena, the Constitution does not become a casualty of the new order.

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no need to do so, despite the fact that he says he still has a problem showing the orchestra what he wants or "making music with the stick."

There is no standard route that a young conductor takes to learn how to do this, but like any other art, much of it is passed down from generation to generation through master teachers. "Jean Morel was my teacher at Juilliard," says Jorge Mester, "and he gave us an arsenal of weapons to attack any problem that came up in the orchestra. A conductor needs to be able to lead the orchestra through any kind of difficulty without rocking the boat. It takes a great deal of time; most conductors study full time four to six years before taking their first position. And it's a good thing to connect up with a conductor who can hand down to you those thousands of things that are handed down about communicating in words or with your body."

As a soloist, Zukerman communicates to the orchestra by asking the conductor for the accompaniment he wants. As a conductor he has had to learn how to speak to the players: "With string players it's easy for me. I just pick up the fiddle and play the way I want them to play. With wind players, it's different, but I play clarinet myself and I'm married to a wind player. I'll ask what a particular instrumentalist wants from me."

Critics have seized on exactly that point in criticizing the virtuosos/conductors. "All of them are nice people," says a conductor, who asked that his name not be used, "but they are one-dimensional in that they haven't yet begun to understand what makes other instrumentalists tick. If you go to a player with a suggestion, you have to know how or whether he can implement it. Pinky can't do that for a brass player; Gerry Schwarz can't do it for a string player."

"Some virtuosos/conductors turn out to be competent," observes composer Peter Mennin, president of Juilliard, "but some don't read scores very well. Many Johnny-come-latelies think they can conduct easily and they find they can't." "A common ploy is for the conductor to fall back on his own instrument," wrote *New York Times* critic Donal Henahan recently. "The cello part is richly detailed but the rest of the performance is entrusted to the professionalism and integrity of the orchestra as a whole. In too many instances, the orchestra simply takes off and plays its own concert, while the conductor mimes hopefully and gives superfluous cues a fraction of a second late."

Most disconcerting of all, perhaps, these virtuosos/conductors occupy positions that might be better filled by "real" conductors, young artists who have been slowly progressing up the professional ladder from smaller orchestras. Deprived of opportunities with better orchestras—which they need to develop their own particular virtuosity—their careers (not to mention their potential contributions to music) could be permanently stifled.

Still, concert by concert, Zukerman and Schwarz have received astonishingly good reviews—which explains why they stick with it, while others (Fischer-Dieskau, Domingo) soon throw in the towel. Skeptics claim that they are successful because they are conducting chamber orchestras comprised of excellent players who do not need a conductor. But others point out that both men bring to conducting a musical élan which excites players and audiences alike. And Zukerman, according to the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, is fulfilling many of the hopes expressed by officials of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra when he was hired.

Gerard Schwarz, one of the world's foremost trumpet virtuosos, says: "I'm a conductor now. Period."

At this point Zukerman has no thought of bringing his virtuoso career to a close. His playing has not suffered because of his conducting career, he says. In fact, he often performs in both capacities with the St. Paul Orchestra. Gerard Schwarz is the only one of the virtuosos/conductors who has decided to end his virtuoso career entirely. "I'm a conductor now. Period," he says. "I don't want to have a way out or a ready excuse if I conduct poorly one night. This is it; I've put my life on the line." But Zukerman points to the example of Barenboim and Rostropovich.

"One thing doesn't get in the way of the other," he says. "On the contrary, I'm happier than ever musically. I'm recharged. I even like the administrative part of it—as long as I have a lot of help, of course. St. Paul, the place itself, is unique. It's a great bunch of guys that really play. . . ."

Zukerman has already developed a promoter's pitch for his orchestra, but when he finishes lauding the group he begins to muse, revealing his further ambitions: "What I would like to do eventually is to create a great classical symphony orchestra that comprises top players, with whom you could do everything from Bach to today's music. None of them are really *great* orchestras now. I mean, in a chamber orchestra when you have 30 musicians, there are no passengers. In a symphony orchestra you do have passengers. Too many passengers. But imagine conducting 100 great musicians. . . . That's something I'd really like to do." ■

Richard Thorne writes about cultural issues for national publications.

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A Philadelphian's "Grande Passion"

by Joshua Gilder

Some people are born with an acquisitive urge very highly developed," explains Henry P. McIlhenny. "My parents had it and I inherited it." For a man prone to acquisitive impulses, McIlhenny is a model of apollonian restraint. His collection, begun more than 50 years ago in a flush of adolescent enthusiasm (while traveling in the Middle East at the age of 15 he persuaded his mother to buy him his first piece, a late-Egyptian figurine), still fits quite comfortably into his Philadelphia townhouse. But while his collection may be, in comparison to some, modest in number, it is anything but modest in quality.

David's monumental portrait of "Pius VII and Cardinal Caprara" presides over the living room; an Ingres, the "Portrait of the Comtesse de Tournon," lords it over the parlor from above the mantelpiece; opposite hangs "La Danse au Moulin Rouge," one of Toulouse-Lautrec's most famous canvases. These are kept company by two Delacroix, a portrait of "Eugène Berny d'Ouville" and the "Death of Sardanapalus," a later version of the one that hangs in the Louvre; two Chassériaus, a collecting rarity ("something of a cross between Delacroix and Ingres"); two Daumier bronzes; a Prud'hon drawing; a Seurat, van Goghs, Cézannes, Renoirs, Corots, a Courbet, and his favorite after many years, Degas. Each holds its own elegant place on the wall; each chosen with unfailing taste.

Well, almost unfailing taste. McIlhenny did purchase a Dali (he refers to it as "that horrible little Dali") that he soon regretted. How does he account for this uncommon lapse? "Well, in the Thirties it was very chic; and it was exciting and novel, the limp watches and everything like that." He sold the Dali and bought in its stead a van Gogh "quill" drawing. It's a picture that obviously gives him a great deal of pleasure. "It's almost like a Rembrandt," he says. "I love the feeling of infinite space stretching off. . . ."

Except for his first painting, bought while still in college, an 18th-century Chardin still life, "The Hare" ("rather kinky, I suppose, for a sophomore to want a dead hare"), and an occasional foray into the early 20th century (he owns a painting and a drawing by Matisse, his favorite of this century, and two paintings by Rouault, whose work, however, has come to bore him), the kernel of Henry McIlhenny's collection is firmly rooted in the French 19th century. This specialization he attributes in part to the advice of Paul Sachs, his teacher and mentor at Harvard in the early Thirties, and co-director of the Fogg Art Museum.

"Sachs always said it's much better not to buy higgledy-piggledy all over the map. It's more interesting if you concentrate on one period. If you have an Ingres, for instance, then it's marvelous to have a Delacroix, because they add to each other. If you have a Degas . . . well, I wish that I had a good Mary Cassatt; and I'd love to have a good Manet, too."

Monets?

"Well," he muses, "that's tragic. They were so cheap in the old days; $5-$7,000. I thought there were so many of them running around, I might as well concentrate on something scarcer."

Why 19th-century art? "They're so habitable; the artists really painted for houses." And then there was another reason: "My parents owned a lot of Italian primitives and Dutch pictures that rather depressed me. You usually don't want to collect what your parents do. They collected Oriental carpets and I *hated* Oriental carpets for years—still not too crazy about them." He looks down balefully at a small rug at his feet, the only bit of Orientalia in the house.

In other ways, however, the senior McIlhennys exerted a more positive influence on their son. His mother was an ally in his early collecting ventures, helping him with his first purchases, and concurring in Sachs's advice that it is better to buy one expensive painting that is first-rate, rather than a great many paintings of lesser quality. And both parents served the Philadelphia Museum as curators, the career that Henry McIlhenny decided to pursue very early.

In fact, the stewardship of the Philadelphia Museum seems to be something of a family affair. The late John D. McIlhenny, son of the founder of the family fortune, was president of the Board of Trustees from 1920 until his death in 1925, when Mrs. McIlhenny was made a member. The next generation followed in their path, with Henry McIlhenny assuming, on his graduation from Harvard, the curatorship of Decorative Arts, a position he held for 30 years, while his sister, Mrs. John Wintersteen has been a trustee for many years. Henry McIlhenny plans to leave his collection to the museum.

The collection has remained remarkably consistent—though he has sold a few pieces: the Dali and an early Picasso, "The Blue Clown"—"It's very famous, but I found it tiresome; very sentimental and obvious." (McIlhenny once bought a print directly from

The parlor: (from left) Chassériau's "Mme. de Balsan," Renoir's "Les Grands Boulevards," a Prud'hon drawing, Courbet's "Zelie" (above), a Seurat study.

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Picasso. He was at the artist's studio and was attracted by a series of prints Picasso had just finished. "Picasso told me to take these two, because they're the two signed upside down, and they may be more valuable one day.") Also, in order to expand into the townhouse next door, he sold a late Renoir, "The Judgment of Paris." Delicately sensible of a social responsibility in dispensing his collection, McIlhenny obviously felt a twinge of guilt over this—but he notes that the Barnes Foundation nearby already owns over 200 Renoirs, and many excellent late ones.

Perhaps the most imposing of McIlhenny's treasures is the David portrait of Pope and Cardinal. "Well, of course, it isn't the sort of picture I'd like to have in my bedroom," he says. (His bedroom is hung with a number of paintings by Landseer, a 19th-century English Romantic painter who specialized in hunting scenes, stags at bay, and such. When he bought them, Landseers were considered something of a joke among critics but have since become quite valuable.) Davids have never been easy to come by in the 20th century, not even in the Thirties when McIlhenny decided he needed one to cap his collection. "Pius VII and Cardinal Caprara" was previously owned by the Marquis de Ganay. "At the time, in 1937, there was a Communist fear in France, and the Ganays, who had aristocratic connections, wanted dollars."

McIlhenny says he feels sorry for old Pius VII, coming all the way to France for Napoleon's coronation, and then being so humiliated—during the ceremony Napoleon grabbed the crown from the Pope's hands and placed it on his own head. He also has a definite opinion about the Comtesse de Tournon, in the Ingres portrait. "First of all," he says, "she really must have been an old bitch. She went to Rome [where Inges painted her] and I'm sure she ruined her son's winter. It's a marvelous picture because she was such an interesting-looking woman. You feel she was hypercritical—very discerning—wouldn't put up with any nonsense... not a pretty woman, with that great big fleshy nose, and she's obviously hiding the wrinkles around her neck by wearing that ruff... and it looks almost like a wig, though it may not be."

Overall, McIlhenny prefers living with an interesting portrait, rather than with one that is merely good looking. Courbet's women, for example, he describes as "calves that have been hit over the head with a mallet."

What's his favorite picture? "From a *collecting* viewpoint the Ingres is terrific, because it's so rare. The only other privately owned Ingres of any importance still belongs to the Rothschilds. Then the Degas ["Le Viol"] is without doubt my most fascinating picture." Said to be based on the Zola story, *Thérèse Raquin*, it is a somber interior scene, full of a dramatic foreboding uncommon to Degas. "The Lautrec is the most famous, and it is unquestionably one of his major canvases. But the picture that touches me the most is the van Gogh ["The Rain"]. It's the most emotional." McIlhenny traveled to Saint-Rémy in southern France and looked up the house van Gogh was staying in when he painted "The Rain"; but "the room that he painted it from was occupied, so I didn't get to see it."

Thanks to his generosity, McIlhenny's collection is accessible to the public every summer when the greater

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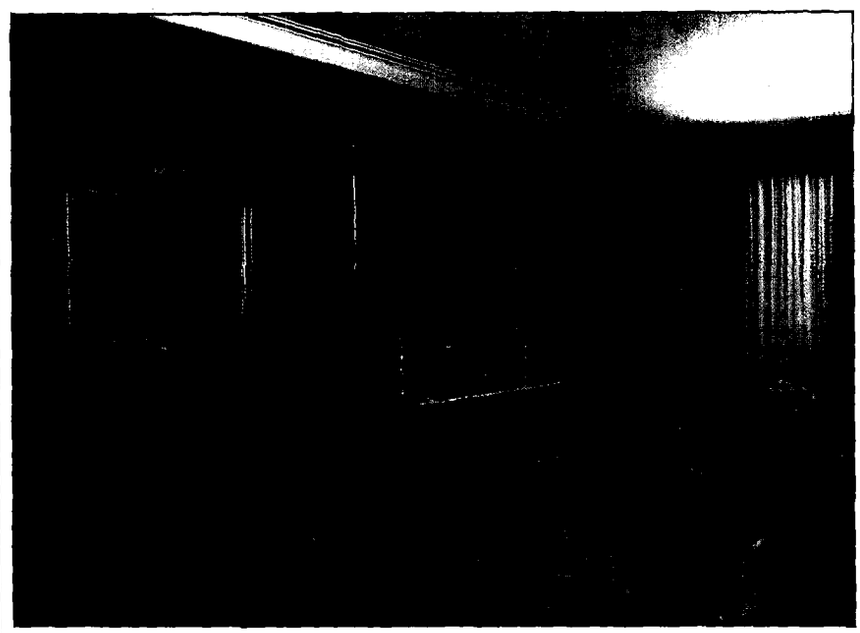
PHOTOS BY ALEX WASINSKI

portion of it goes on display at the Philadelphia Museum. At other times his collection has traveled as far as San Francisco. Does he worry about security? If you've gone public once, he explains, there's no point in hiding anything away; though if he were starting life all over again, knowing what he does today, he'd probably be more discreet. Still, he notes all those suspicious dealers' houses in Geneva "with seven Cézannes in the front hall, and not even a maid. . . ."

Nor would he be able, if he were starting over again, to collect on the same scale. He mentions the Jasper Johns that sold to the Whitney for $1 million. "How can collectors, unless they're Croesus, buy good works of art today? It's rather depressing. In the old days, you could run to New York and—he points to the Matisse drawing, a study for "The White Plumes"—"I bought that Matisse when I was an undergraduate at Harvard for something like $900. You *could* do it, you see. You could save up $900 somehow or other. But today it's a very difficult problem. The people who really like works of art can't afford to buy them."■



Opposite: Henry McIlhenny sits in his living room before Degas's brooding "Le Viol," flanked (left) by van Gogh's quill drawing of Saintes Maries and (right) Cézanne's "Mt. Sainte-Victoire." On the table (left) his first purchases, late-Egyptian figurines; before him (middle of table) a Renaissance bronze. The furniture, Charles X. This page: two views of the parlor. Top: Renoir's portrait of Mlle. Legrand, "La Fillette Attentive," Ingres's drawing "M. Jal" and portrait "La Comtesse de Tournon." Below: (from left) Delacroix's "Death of Sardanapalus," Toulouse-Lautrec's "La Danse au Moulin Rouge," van Gogh's "Rain."

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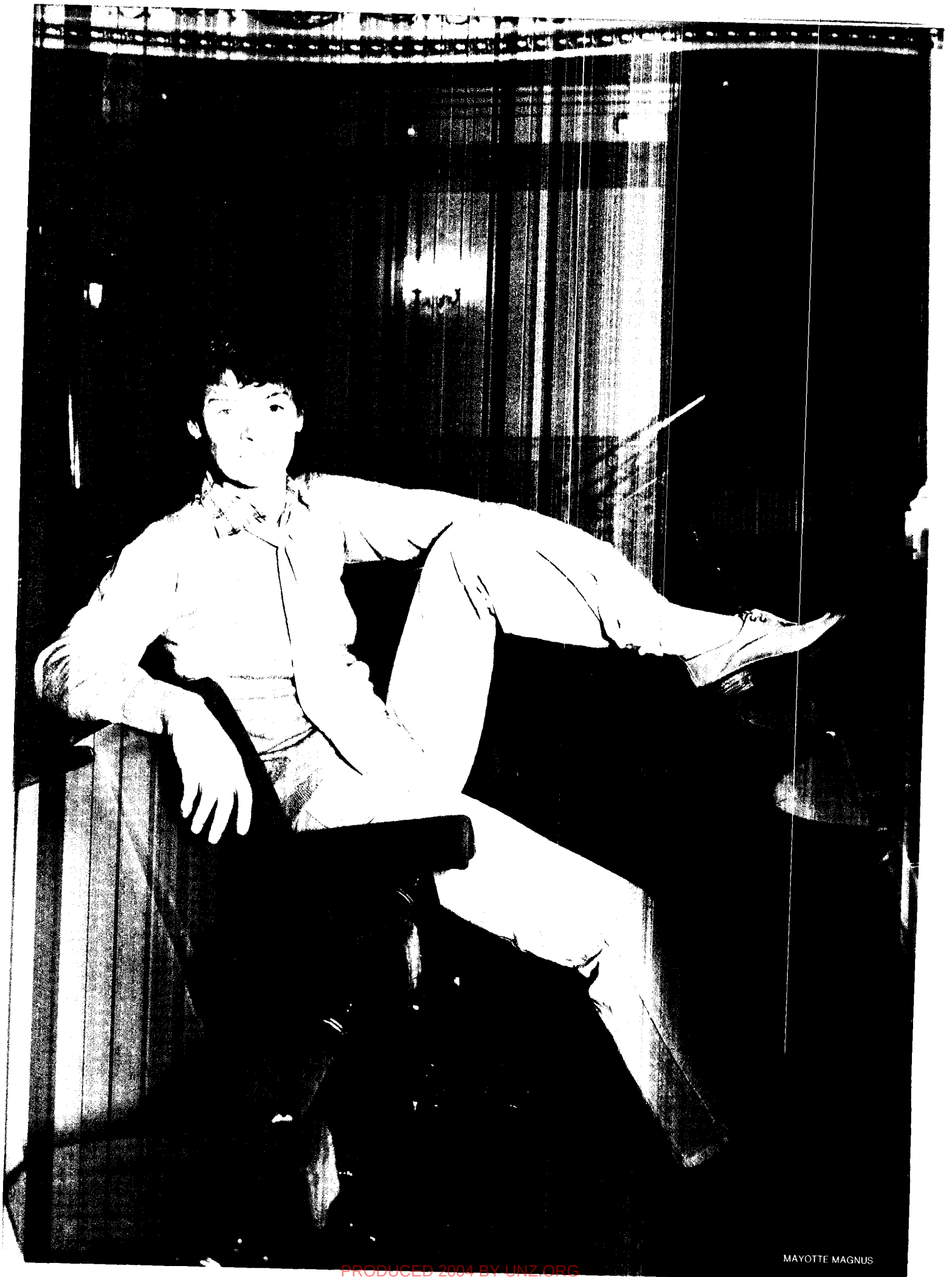

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A No-Nonsense Glenda Jackson

by Rhoda Koenig

When Glenda Jackson opened last spring as the star of Andrew Davies's new play *Rose* in London, West End critics described her as "bewitchingly attractive" and "charming and touching. . . pretty and soft." Later this month, Broadway audiences will be able to reassure themselves that this is indeed the same Glenda Jackson whose stardom has been won despite a lack of traditional bewitching prettiness, coupled with a career spent portraying severe, often steely women.

Even in person, everything glamorous about Glenda Jackson begins and ends with her given name (her mother liked Glenda Farrell). When she meets with reporters for interviews in England, she doesn't arrive swathed in white fox, sweeping into Claridge's or the Savoy Grill. Nor does she invite strangers into her home. Instead, with the understanding that she'll have to leave soon in order to pick up her son after school, she agrees to meet in a self-service restaurant near her home in suburban Blackheath. Waiting at a table with a half-pint of Guinness, she is less imposing than she seems on stage and in films ("Everyone says I look taller on the stage," says the five-foot six-inch actress). She is devoid of makeup and clad in a busy-suburban-mum ensemble of checked shirt, zip-front sweatshirt, jeans, track shoes, and long knitted vest. "Hello. What would you like to drink?" she asks and rises to get it at the bar.

In person, Jackson appears softer-featured and more approachable than when she is on stage, when she can take on expressions of eye-glinting menace and curl her mouth around a devastating line like Tug McGraw wrapping his fingers around a baseball before sending it sizzling across home plate. Her auburn hair is brushed over her forehead and chopped short; her thick nose and slitty eyes make her look, in her most recent photographs, like a Chinese boy. It is a face that telegraphs neurosis no more than it does glamour. Capable, you feel, is the one word to describe her manner, a professional efficiency and concern, like that of the employment counselor she played in *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*. She is impatient with the idea of acting as fun and fantasy, and does her best to convey that it's damned hard work—sometimes too successfully. She likes to tell about the man who said to her, "I know just what you mean, Miss Jackson. I saw you leaving the theater once after a performance, and you looked just like a scrubwoman at the end of a hard day." She pauses and adds, ruefully, "That's not *exactly* what I meant."

Back on Broadway for the first time in 17 years, Jackson will repeat her well-received performance as the title character (never offstage) in *Rose*, a drama that played to capacity audiences for most of its six-month run in London. *Rose* spans a week in the life of a Midlands schoolteacher who is thwarted at every turn—by the headmistress, who says Rose is too lacking in experience and dignity to be promoted; by her monosyllabic husband, who becomes alarmed when she suggests they spend the evening, you know, *talking*; and by her colleague, Jim Beam, whose romantic overtures consist of "I'm married too. Can't take you back. Thought we might do it in the car. It's a Maxi." Though Rose thrashes about from one frustration to another, however, audiences don't come away depressed, but rather picked up by her spirit and good humor. The play's original title, *Diary of a Desperate Woman*, seems out of kilter, for Rose is no more desperate than the mass of men and women. Jackson agrees. "Yes, the title was one of the first things I had to change," she says briskly.

What about the name of the disappointing lover? Or was that a joke? She looks confused. When American associations with the name Jim Beam are explained to her, she laughs, "Oh, no! That whiskey is unknown here, and I know Andrew's never been to America. I must tell him."

The high point of the play is Rose's speech to Jim on their first date, in which she sketches out the scenario of their future affair, from the first undressing race, to hanging around street corners hoping, to the time they'll "say we'll always be friends and then avoid each other." Jackson was praised for her acting of this tour de force, but one critic complained that the speech wasn't true to life, that it was a male idea of female emotion. Jackson doesn't agree. "I think it shows extreme confidence or fear for a woman to say those kinds of things to a *man*, but certainly that's the way a woman would think—and it does have a counterpart in real life. A woman I know told me she went out with a man for drinks and dinner and asked him, 'Is the bottom line our going to bed?' I admire that, and I think it's necessary sometimes, now that this sexual revolution has given us such very different expectations of each other. Men are more confused by it than women—I think

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they still think that a woman who enjoys sex can't be quite *nice*. Doesn't say very much for their imaginations."

Glenda Jackson foresees even more startling consequences of the sex-role musical chairs we're going through at the moment. "I can quite see an entirely homosexual society evolving. The important proofs of a man's masculinity don't come from women—they come from other men." Then, with a smile and a shake of the head, she banishes this sort of cosmic speculation. "Isn't it unbelievable? Here we are, stuck on this absurdly whirling ball, and we're still agonizing about these same emotional problems."

The problem of which sex plays what role is far removed from the more pressing worries of the working-class family Glenda May Jackson grew up in. Her father was a bricklayer in the northern town of Hoylake, in Cheshire, and her mother a daily maid. She has three sisters whose skin and hair and eyes she covets—especially the eyes, which she could put to professional use.

As a child she went to the movies as often as she could—the member-to-be of the Royal Shakespeare Company never saw a play until she was 18—and her favorites were the ones thought unsuitable for little girls, the ones in which Bette Davis or Joan Crawford clawed their way to the top and paid a terrible price for it. After leaving school to work in a drugstore ("My biggest ambition was to move from the laxatives to the cosmetics counter"), she became interested in acting after joining a local theater group and won a two-year scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where she studied at the same time as Albert Finney and Peter O'Toole. She first came to public notice in 1964, in Peter Weiss's *The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*, in which, as the narcoleptic Charlotte Corday, she whipped Marat with her long hair.

Ironically, the actress who had been told she was too plain for leading roles became the first woman to appear nude onstage after the Lord Chamberlain's ban was lifted in 1963. She played a character who began as Christine Keeler and then was transformed into Jacqueline Kennedy in an improvised production of Peter Brook's Theater of Cruelty. That, however, was more talked about than seen. Her self-exposure on screen, however, was more widely noticed. Her roles as the passionate Gudrun Brangwen in *Women in Love* and the nymphomaniac Mrs. Tchaikowsky in *The Music Lovers* made her mother's neighbors cross to the other side of the road when she came by; men would come up to her then-husband, director Roy Hodges, in pubs and say, "I *saw* your wife in that film last night"—know what I mean? wink wink, nudge nudge. Glenda Jackson still thinks all the fuss was very silly.

MORRIS NEWCOMBE

1964: Jackson's Broadway debut as a narcoleptic Charlotte Corday in *Marat/Sade*.

"When I was acting in the nude, what I was most aware of was other people's possible embarrassment. I had to spend so much energy telling other people that I didn't feel any shame or guilt. I was also aware of the *cold* in those studios—it's always so cold—and shivering and goose bumps."

Nor does acting in the nude *à deux* strike any sparks. "It doesn't make any difference whether you're clothed or not—you never meet the actor as a person because you're both playing somebody else. The relaxed atmosphere in which things can develop doesn't exist.

"I think it's a shame," she goes on, "that nudity—I would call it nakedness—has only been used in a sexual context in films. I once saw a Czech film about a concentration camp. There was a line of naked prisoners. Now, that aspect of the human animal, in a state of great vulnerability, has not been explored by our filmmakers. Appearing in the nude is simply one aspect of what actors do all the time—you have to go up blind alleys and risk making a fool of yourself."

Jackson may have made a fool of herself in some of her Seventies performances—notably, clinkers like the films *The Nelson Affair* and *The Incredible Sarah*—but no one has accused her of settling into a rut. In the past several years she has played comedy and tragedy, classic and commercial parts—Hedda Gabler, Cleopatra, the fluffy roles in *A Touch of Class* and *House Calls*. Four years ago on the stage in London she was Stevie Smith in *Stevie*, a charming dramatization of the life of the poet who wrote such succinct verse as "This Englishwoman is so refined,/ She has no bosom and no behind," and the poem whose metaphoric title has become a common British expression: "Not Waving But Drowning." The tribute that has meant most to her, she says—more than her two Oscars for *Women in Love* and *A Touch of Class*, which she gave her mum to use as bookends—was the dedication to her and to Hugh Whitmore, the author of the play, of an anthology of Stevie Smith's verse.

One constant in all of her choices of roles is a refusal to go for the "sympathetic" part, or to play her role in a way that asks for the audience's approval. (Her appearance in the Royal Shakespeare Company's *Hamlet* was so domineering that one critic called for the play to be retitled *Ophelia*.) Though her lack of vulnerability has often repelled moviegoers and critics, others

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admire, and are attracted to, her uncompromising directness. At the beginning of her film career, *Saturday Review* critic Stanley Kauffmann worried that she might never become a star because "she is not an actress in order to be loved but in order to act." Since then, *New Yorker* film critic Pauline Kael has written, "Glenda Jackson's tough, almost perverse independence is probably what gives her sex appeal. Whatever the role, she's a woman without small talk; she attracts by the sturdiness of her level, appraising gaze—a no-nonsense woman."

Though she has been accused of venality for her acceptance of trivial, meaningless parts—notably by Vincent Canby, who wrote an article in the *New York Times* announcing that he was through making excuses for Glenda Jackson—she insists that "anything I've done in the last 10 years I've really wanted to do. I haven't done anything just for the money." Including her minimal role in the recent *Hopscotch*? "Well," she concedes, "if Walter Matthau hadn't asked me, I wouldn't have been in it. But," she adds, "it does present brain outwitting brawn, which is an attitude I certainly endorse."

1980: The original London production of *Rose*, with Jackson in the title role.

Still, good parts, she emphasizes, are enormously difficult to find, and more difficult to get produced. Most of the scripts her agent sends her are rubbish, she says, so she hates to think of the ones he sends back. She prefers working in films ("I think the theater for some time has not been in the forefront of change"), but laments the fact that "films" and "Britain" now seem to be mutually exclusive. "I don't think it's a shortage of money that prevents films being made here—I think it's a lack of will and imagination. American managements are more prepared to take a risk than English ones."

Jackson prefers American audiences as well. "They're much more lively in America. They let you know immediately if they love the play or hate it. After the first few weeks, English audiences are stultifyingly dull. And the RSC audiences don't react because they just want to show how knowledgeable they are. The American attitude toward actors is much more practical than the English one—they just want to know how much money you can command. In England, actors are looked upon as retarded, emotionally underdeveloped."

The combination of American audiences and a gratifying part has persuaded Jackson to return to Broadway. She last experienced American audiences during her *Hedda Gabler* tour six years ago, a tour that created dire consequences for her private, English life. On that trip she had an affair with the production's lighting designer, Andy Phillips, that resulted in her husband's divorcing her after 17 years of marriage. Jackson won custody of their son, Daniel, now 11, and lives with him in the same modest brick house she has inhabited for the past two decades. She and Phillips are still together, but have no wedding plans.

Her interests range far beyond family and scripts: Her answer to "What are you reading at the moment?" explains why she's been called the intellectuals' Raquel Welch. "I'm reading four books now—two of Edgar Snow's books on China, a history of the Jesuits, and *Middlemarch*—for the second time." She also loves mysteries, particularly those by women authors, one of her favorites being P.D. James's *An Unsuitable Job for a Woman.* Under "Recreations," in her *Who's Who* entry, she lists "reading Jane Austen." That passion, she explains, took some time to develop.

"We read *Pride and Prejudice* in school, and I thought, this *dreadful* Elizabeth, this *foul* Mr. Darcy—who can *care* about these boring Bennets? Then, when I was 26, I was staying in a place where the only thing to read was *Persuasion.* In desperation I started it—and I was hooked. Nobody saw me for the next three days."

At the age of 43, Glenda Jackson worries right now about the shrinking number of parts available to her. "When an actress gets to 40," she says, "there's really nothing new to stretch her until she reaches 60 and can start on the old ladies." But though she was widely praised for her portrayal of Elizabeth I on television, Jackson definitely won't be turning up on the home box once a week in *That's Glenda!* "I think actors are wasted on television. It's the only medium in which the whole is less than the sum of its parts. The actors just go through the motions because that's all they're asked to do. That little screen couldn't contain anything larger.

"You see," she explains, "without the element of danger, you can't have great acting. I don't mean the danger that someone will forget his lines or break his leg. Theater should be dangerous for the audience as well as for the actors. In a sense, the theater is a placatory ritual. It puts on the stage the most frightening taboos and tries to answer the questions 'Who are we? What are we doing here?' It recognizes that we're a group of people sitting in the dark, huddled around a fire."

I start to ask another question, but it's 2:43, and Daniel is waiting, and so much for the divine fire. Glenda Jackson gets up, thanks me for our $5.35 lunch, and strides off to the parking lot. I start to leave, then feel I have forgotten something, then realize what it is. Not to worry. Glenda Jackson has paid for our drinks. ■

Rhoda Koenig is a senior editor of *New York* magazine.

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Bartók at 100: A Titan Remembered

by Yehudi Menuhin

To write about those one knew simply as past fond friends, who left no tangible mark other than as human beings, is far easier a task than to write about an artist, be he painter, sculptor, writer, or composer. For the artist lives within the mind's eye and the soul's ear both as the lost physical being and as the creator whose work continues palpable and alive, thus challenging the seachange of memory that, washing over facts, sometimes distorts them, remolding their shape and significance.

To write about such a man as Béla Bartók on the centenary of his birth is the highest kind of challenge, for such was his burning honesty, so shorn was he of all that was meaningless and inorganic, that by the time I met him—alas, in the last few years of his extraordinary life—I felt at once that I was facing someone pared down to the essential core, a man who would scorn anything but the direct and the true.

I owe my first knowledge of his work to Antal Dorati, the great conductor. In 1942 he invited me to an evening of chamber music at his home in New York. Sensing perhaps that I would share his recognition of the greatness of his fellow-Hungarian, Dorati played some excerpts from various works of Bartók on the piano, spoke of what Bartók had meant to Hungarian music, and begged me to study the violin and piano sonatas and the concerto. I shall be forever grateful to him, for it proved to be one of those immediate revelations that happen so rarely and that seem, as Milton said, suddenly "untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony."

I'd always searched every season for some contemporary work to include in my programs, and here was not merely an isolated and interesting piece or two,

CULVER PICTURES

but a world, part of the cosmos of music containing all that is of value in the emotions: passion, humor, anger, serenity; all that is endemic to life on earth, it seemed to me. Nature, climate, soil, and sea in all their cruelties and ugliness, their calamities and beauties, untrammeled; the experience of all times spoken in today's words.

Bartók's music was also profoundly intellectual and highly complex, brooking no casual studying, no glancing at the pages, in the hope that the sound they held in the code of their notes would be quickly deciphered. I took a deep breath, decided to include both the first Sonata for Violin and Piano and what is now known as the Second Violin Concerto in the 1943 season. It was my great fortune to have Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony to help me in this plunge—Mitropoulos both rehearsing and conducting the concerto by heart—adding to my own courage and transmuting somehow my fear into awe and delight. A few days later I was to play the sonata at Carnegie Hall with my sensitive and gifted accompanist, Adolph Baller.

By that time, of course, Bartók was himself living in New York, a sacrifice which no amount of kindness and welcome could assuage. For such a man, steeped in his Hungary's music, with his lifework of traveling through the remotest villages of Transylvania, Turkey, the Balkans, recording on the most primitive of recording devices every note he could glean from the cracked voices of ancient peasants—for such a man an uprooting of this dimension left those roots (continued)

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bleeding. Would it be too fanciful to suggest that his death within two years from leukemia was as though his very life's blood was trickling away?

A very dear friend of my family, Carolyn "Aunt Kitty" Pereira—herself a violinist and a close friend of Toscanini—agreed that Baller, myself, and Bartók should meet at her apartment. When Baller and I arrived toward the close of a wintry afternoon, Bartók was already there, seated in an armchair placed uncompromisingly straight on to the piano score laid open before him, pencil in hand: an attitude both chilling, and in my experience, characteristically Hungarian. There were absolutely no civilities, not a word exchanged. Baller went over to the piano; I, frozen with apprehension, put my violin case on a low table, unpacked and tuned my violin, nodded at Baller as though he were an effigy, and in that strange, strict silence launched into the first movement of Bartók's Sonata for Piano and Violin No 1.

At the end of that movement, Bartók stirred, got to his feet and said: "I did not think music could be played like that until long after the composer was dead." I hope I will be forgiven the immodesty, but I offer it not as a much-prized tribute, but to record an experience of such joy, such relief that perhaps only another musician who was playing for the first time to a composer who had invaded his whole being, and on whose approval or acceptance almost unwittingly he had placed his hope and faith in the future, could comprehend.

I had found his voice, he had told me so. The ice was broken and Baller and I played the remaining movements. Knowing that I had just performed his great concerto, Bartók, still not willing to make things too easy for me, probed to see how well I'd really grasped it. He asked particularly my opinion of a passage in the first movement. "It's actually rather chromatic," I suggested. "Yes, it is chromatic." Then nudging me toward the point he wanted to make: "You see that it comes very often?" (I had indeed, and counted some 32 times, but never in exactly the same guise.) "Well, I wanted to show Schoenberg that one can use all 12 tones and still remain tonal." Here I had met one of Bartók's typical barbs: Any one of those repeated sequences would supply a devoted dodecaphonist with sufficient material for an entire opera; from Bartók they poured out with a lavishness of invention that the 12-toner, slaving away with his slide rule, will never know. Like other geniuses, his was that kind of profligate exuberance that can afford to throw ideas away never to be used again, secure in the fund within him.

Can you wonder that such a man made short shrift of words—albeit I do recall one evening at table when he and I, rudely ignoring the others, talked long and excitingly.

But I have not described the man physically and this, particularly with Bartók, is of extreme importance, for his spirit and his physique were one and the same. Small, spare, trim, with a parchment skin and thinning white hair—he would have looked almost like the negative of a photograph had it not been for the terrifying brilliance of those vast dark eyes. Everything that was in him spoke through them; he needed no gestures. One look was sufficient for admission or dismissal, scorn or interest, to convey a passionate conviction or to stay a patent stupidity. "The eye was in itself a soul" as Byron said.

Bartok offered no civilities. Frozen with apprehension, I began to play.

It was after the vast relief of that first "audition" at Aunt Kitty's, on that swell of warmth and empathy, that I dared ask him if he could consider writing a work for me. I knew he was inordinately proud and would accept no money unless he earned it; I knew he was already condemned by an illness that forced him to count his time, so I suggested he might accept the idea of a solo sonata. He agreed. Little did I foresee that he would write me one of the violin masterpieces of all time. I must admit that when I first laid eyes on it in March 1944, I was aghast. It seemed at first sight to be almost unplayable. But that first impression was ill-judged, hasty, and the subsequent correspondence, the willingness to exchange ideas over the score, to be allowed to suggest changes (I only once got a flat "No") was yet another revelation of a truly great composer.

Alas! That our dialogue should have had to be mainly by letter. He had mailed me the score from Asheville, North Carolina, where he had been sent by his doctors, already under sentence of death. He was to have spent that summer of 1944 in my house in the Santa Cruz mountains of California—a place he would have loved and that would have recalled the long treks he, Zoltán and Emma Kodály used to take regularly in his beloved Hungarian mountains. (Once in Budapest, Emma, approaching her 100th year and I suppose freed from all inhibitions—although I doubt she ever had any—showed me a yellowed old snapshot of the three of them intrepidly attacking a steep and stony slope, stark naked.) But it was not to be and will forever remain one of the greatest losses of my life. For him it must have seemed "the never-ending flight of future days."

Perhaps Bartók's unique contribution to music can best be summed up in Leonardo da Vinci's contemplation on "The Lesson of Nature": "Where and when artists find their creative source in other artists rather than in nature, the state of their art declines." Not so with Bartók, for if he employed a jazz motif as in the last movement of the Concerto for Orchestra, or if he expressed himself with such searing nostalgia as in the Viola Concerto, it was not in an attempt to comply with his alien surroundings but rather because he *listened*, with the ears of an animal and the soul of a man, to the stirrings of New York, to its mysteries, its dynamic qualities, its rhythms, with the same rapt attention he had given the villagers.

His quartets trace an evolution that parallels Beethoven's and provide the eternal milestones of a life reaching all the way from innocence through passion, to serenity toward greater self-expression and simplicity at the same time. Perhaps New York accentuated that underlying nostalgia which is part and parcel of life itself, of its yearning for origin as for the beyond.

Yet he would have liked to live on and give more, and to have savored the universal recognition he was due to receive within so short a time. In his own last words: "I am taking so much baggage with me." I like to feel with Milton, that:

Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving. ■

World-famous violinist Yehudi Menuhin has recently published *The Music of Man.*

Bartok on records is discussed on page 91.

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Henry Moore

by Carll Tucker

The art critic Sir Herbert Read wrote that in the history of art four sculptors tower above the rest: Phidias, Michelangelo, Rodin and Henry Moore. The only living member of this quartet was born in England two years before the century, and lives and works today in Much Hadam, a storybook farming village 30 miles north of London. Moore and his wife of 51 years, Irina, moved to Much Hadam in 1941 after his London studio was bombed in a German air raid. Their initial holdings of half of a 17th-century farmhouse have expanded over the decades into an estate, Hoglands, that includes the whole original farmhouse, plus numerous other nearby farmers' cottages and sheds, which serve as studios and as housing for the Moores' staff and assistants. Landscaped by the sculptor's wife, their grounds include open fields, a natural pond, long lawns, confined gardens—each a carefully arranged setting for another "Henry Moore."

Moore lives a methodical life: breakfast at 8; to his office by 9:30 to attend to scheduling, inquiries, requests; to the studios by 10:00; back to the house for a hot drink at 11:00; lunch at one precisely; then a brief rest, and back to work by 2:30; tea at 4:00, and at 6:30, when the staff leaves, another hour's work in his graphics studio before supper. On the day of our visit, Moore was on his way to photograph two recent sculptures that were scheduled to depart Hoglands imminently for new locations.

Q *You have worked, as a sculptor, in a variety of different materials—marble, bronze, wood, brick, clay, stone. How does the material you choose affect what you make of it?*

A The materials differ, of course. In the earlier part of my career, I liked stone better than any other material to work in. And in fact I came into sculpture at a period when one or two of the foremost sculptors, such as Brancusi, Atkins, Lipschitz, Epstein—men who were 10 or 12 years older than I—began believing that direct carving was the best way of making sculpture. They realized that the habit, the custom that had grown up after the Renaissance of the sculptor working in clay, then having it cast into some other material and then getting a professional carver with a copying machine, a pointing machine, to make a copy, was not the best way of making a sculpture. Often, the actual sculptor wasn't even able to carve. I mean, Rodin didn't do much carving. Practically all the carvings of Rodin were not carved by Rodin, but by professional copiers.

So I came at a period when this direct carving was a new idea, and I loved it. I thought that a sculpture made in stone, by the very fact that it was made in stone, was better than if it had been modeled. The resistance of the hard material and the physical effort you put into it gave a kind of strength and power to it that something that was done easily didn't give. Now I don't think that. Now I've come to the conclusion that Rodin, even though he didn't do much carving, was a great sculptor.

Q *How do you decide what material to work in?*

A Well, when you make an idea, it does fit into a category that will suit it.

Q *What's a bronze idea?*

A Bronze is a wonderful material. It weathers and lasts all climates. One has only to look at the ancient bronzes to see this. Bronze is also much tougher than stone. You can make fragile forms in bronze that you couldn't in stone—an arm that doesn't attach back, like the arm of a jug, and so on. Bronze can do anything. It isn't that bronze has limitations, it's that stone has limitations.

Q *What's a stone idea?*

A There are all sorts of stone. When I was a young sculptor, I couldn't afford to buy a piece of stone to fit an idea. I used to go out to the stoneyard and find for 10 bob a piece they couldn't make use of because they couldn't make a cube or rectangle of it, and then the stone would suggest an idea. I've still got pieces that I've never used for 40 years, because I haven't had an idea that would use the stone without wasting half of it. Later, of course, it wasn't necessary. When I have an idea now for a white marble I just buy the stone and carve it—the waste doesn't matter so much any more.

Q *Why white marble? Couldn't a white marble idea be done just as easily in bronze?*

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Moore, in the
"Locking Piece" (19

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Left: Moore photographing one of his sculptures before it leaves his estate for exhibition elsewhere. Right: "Locking Piece" (1963-64) in Moore's own backyard, whose grounds are landscaped by Moore's wife to set off her husband's works.

A White marble emphasizes elegance and refinement. That's why it's adored for all these memorials. It makes the dead people seem so distinguished.

Q *And travertine marble?*

A Travertine has a quality—ruddy, powerful, strong. You feel you haven't got to handle it with kid gloves.

Q *And wood?*

A Because of the grain, wood has a direction in it. The grain helps to emphasize an elongated length. You can also carve wood very thin. If you carve stone too thin, it will break. Wood can emphasize what you want in a sculpture or it can contradict it. If the wood doesn't cooperate, you've got to change the idea. When I was a student, I didn't like wood even though some of my favorite carvings—some of the Negro sculptures—are in wood. But wood is clean and can be carved indoors. I could carve wood in my digs in Chelsea where I couldn't carve stone.

Q *How did you know you wanted to be a sculptor?*

A When I was 11, I was in Sunday school and I heard a story about Michelangelo. I can't remember the story, but what I retained was that Michelangelo was esteemed the greatest sculptor who ever lived. That unremarkable bit of information moved me, then and there, to decide to become a sculptor myself, although I had never done any sculpture at that time. It wasn't until coming out of the army in World War I that I was able to go to the Leeds School of Art in 1919. I had two years of Leeds. Then I got a traveling scholarship and went to Italy from the college. And after that I spent another four years at the Royal College of Art, mainly drawing and modeling from life.

Q *Where do your ideas for specific sculptures begin?*

A Oh, one doesn't know. It's impossible to say where ideas come from. They all come from all one's knowledge, from looking at all the works or art. When I got to the Royal College of Art, the first thing that I did most was twice a week to visit the British Museum because I think anyone who is entering into any kind of definite career should get to know as much as he can about what has been done before. So this became my occupation. It wasn't a task. I loved it. I used to go up to the British Museum every spare moment. I wanted to know what had happened to sculpture in history, from paleolithic times, 30,000 years ago, up to—the British Museum did not display modern works—the Negro sculptures, which might be from only 30 or 40 years before. Because now when you say where does an idea come from, all your past experience and so on is there, and anything can trigger off and start something and then you develop it.

Q *Once you get the idea, do you sketch or work in miniature models, maquettes?*

A I used to sketch as a young sculptor. However, the drawback I find in working that way is that the first idea you put down on paper becomes too important, it becomes a key view, and in my opinion a sculpture should not have one key view, it should be viewed from all around. And gradually, I worked less and less from drawings. I now work from little maquettes. They're in the round so that I can look at them from all sides.

Q *In plaster?*

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PHOTOS BY DAVID FINN

Left: "Sheep Piece" (1972). Right: "Hill Arches" (1973). "I see all of my works as part of trying to live and understand a three-dimensional world, and every day there's something you learn—never a day that you don't find something new."

A Or they can be in clay. They can be in Plasticene. They could be anything.

Q *Which of these materials do you prefer?*

A I prefer plaster because you can work it up to a certain stage and then you can stop working on it and you can leave it for six months. And all you have to do to add to it is to put it in water, let it get thoroughly soaked, and then you can add plaster to it. That means you can add and subtract because when it gets hard you can carve it like a soft stone. Whereas if the clay gets hard, you can't bring it back and work on it any more.

Q *In the process of creating, is there a point where you seek the opinions of others about what you're doing?*

A Yes. I ask my wife.

Q *Is she a good critic?*

A She's a very good critic. Because she was a painter, she was at the Royal College of Art when I was teaching there, and I got my eye fixed on her—and there we are. Also, she has a very good quick response. I often ask her. I don't take everything she says, by any means, I don't. I disagree. But sometimes the disagreeing—it makes me think better.

Q *Many artists have spurts of creativity followed by periods of fallowness.*

A I don't.

Q *Your creative urges have lasted well into your eighties.*

A Well, it lasted well into the eighties for Michelangelo. It lasted well into the eighties for Picasso.

Q *Is there a time of day that you work better than others?*

A No. That's just romantic rubbish. You don't wait for a moment of inspiration. Do you think Michelangelo waited for inspiration to do the Sistine Chapel in two years? Of course, he didn't wait. It's really no different from the great literary artists. I think Tolstoy and Dickens just sat down and began to work, then inspiration comes.

Q *Do you feel like working all day?*

A All the time. If I don't work, I feel miserable. One doesn't work out of guilt. One works because one loves it.

Q *What do you feel about your recent work? Do you feel that it's different? That you're moving forward?*

A I don't want to feel about it. I don't feel about it. You don't do this. You don't analyze and so on.

Q *Balzac saw all of his novels as part of the* Comédie Humaine. *Whitman saw most of his poems as part of* Leaves of Grass. *Do you see all of your works as part of a larger whole?*

A I see all of my works as part of trying to live and understand a three-dimensional world, and every day there's something that you learn and notice in nature, in your own work—never a day that you don't find something new. And this may trigger off goodness knows what. Leonardo said that an artist—a painter—should be able to see a landscape in the lichen marks on a wall, which he could do. Just as a novelist should be able to see a possible novel in every little situation that he comes across in the newspaper. I live in a world of three dimensions. I always have. When I was eight, my mother began to

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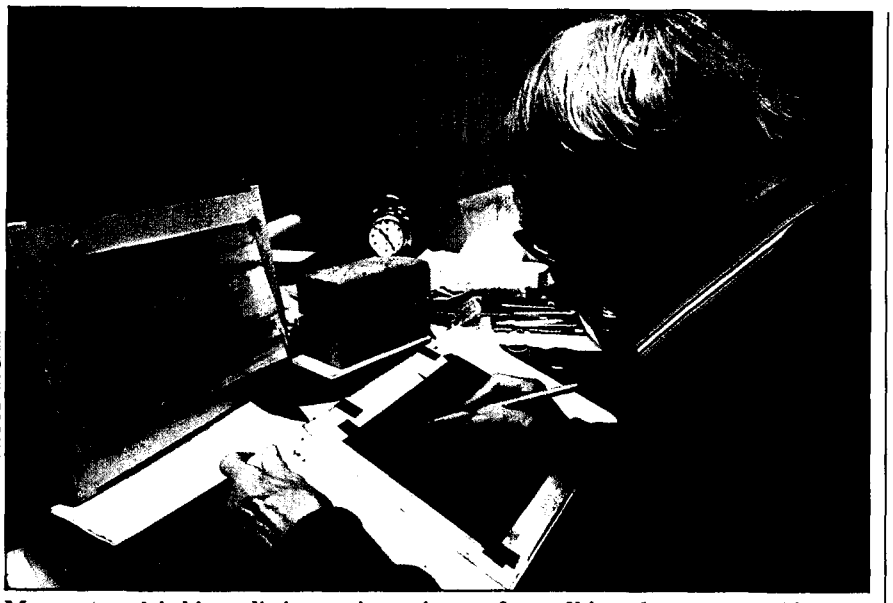

TONY HOWARTH/WOODFIN CAMP

Moore at work in his studio improving a picture of one of his sculptures, reworking the plate that produced it while looking at an earlier proof.

suffer rheumatism. As the youngest of her children, I was available for rubbing her back when the pain was most acute. I did this not without some embarrassment. But I learned from that the structure of the human back, and what three-dimensionality is about.

Q *When you see your retrospectives, and you see your life's work spread before you, what do you feel?*

A Sometimes I think: Goodness, what a lot I've done. And then sometimes I think, well, I couldn't do that again. Because the impetus and the urge and the excitement that one had over it then brought about a concentration which you can't repeat.

But one can't help having certain themes, certain directions in one's life or in one's art that recur. I mean, the female figure is more important to me than the male figure. It always has been. It wasn't with Michelangelo. His female figures to me are not nearly as expressive as his male ones. In fact, the female ones are rather, well, not repulsive but not—well—beautiful. His obsession was the male figure.

One of my obsessions—I've got three or four themes. Like the mother and child, with the big form protecting the little form, and the kind of relationship of the big to the small. That can go on forever. It can go on with themes that are not actually mother and child. It's the relationship.

The reclining figure is another theme. Like Leonardo said, I can pick you a reclining figure out of any mark, any blot on the floor.

Another recurring theme is the form inside another form which gives a mystery that you can't quite fathom because you can't separate the one from the other.

Q *How do you decide how many casts to make of a work?*

A It's common sense that decides. You see, I insist on seeing every cast that is made of my sculpture. Never do I let a cast go into an exhibition or be sold without my having seen it and making sure that it was a good one. Then it comes to this: Is my making more casts of this stopping me from doing a new thing that I want to do? If it is, then I decide against it. This is common sense. Nine-tenths of life is common sense.

Q *Have you been influenced by any of the nonvisual arts?*

A Of course. For me, the biggest influence up until the age of 18 or 19 was literature, infinitely more than painting or sculpture, because I didn't get the chance to see much painting or sculpture.

Q *What sort of literature?*

A Well, novels. There was a period when I lived the whole of Tolstoy. And Dostoevsky. I lived that. That might have been when I was 16 or 17. Before that, I read Sir Walter Scott—as a romantic, Scott meant much more to me than Dickens. I didn't want to read Dickens at that time. Later, after the Russians, Thomas Hardy. I read every single novel of his—and I lived that life. This had more influence on me than looking at Michelangelo. I mean Michelangelo helped me and I didn't understand it, and I copied his work and so on. But really, what was influencing me was what I was living: the novels. Now I don't read novels at all. I read biographies.

Q *When you look back over your career, do you see phases that you felt were particularly productive and phases that you felt were less productive?*

A Yes, of course. You have your ups and downs. Nothing is even in life.

Q *Did your downs last for years or for days?*

A I don't think like that. I don't try to analyze. I don't want to write a book about myself. One just lives. And for me doing sculpture is a part of living.

Q *Who would your ideal viewer be? What characteristics would he or she have?*

A I don't know. You see, all the arts are to help both the viewer and the artist himself to develop a particular sense. I mean painting and sculpture are for the eyes, and for people who are sensitive in their eyes, to learn and to experience and to get pleasure—not earn a living, nothing to do with the practical side. Art is not practical, and shouldn't be practical. Art is not to earn a living. It's to make the difference between us and animals, like cows. I mean a cow doesn't stop and look at a field and say, isn't it a beautiful green. Painting and sculpture are for the painter and sculptor to develop his interest and his visual side. Music is for the hearing side of life. Literature is to develop our sense of language and meaning. And all of them are there to make life more interesting, more wonderful than it would be without them.

And this is what one tries to do with one's own work. Every day one notices something that you didn't probably notice the day before. And in that way the artist helps other people to have a short-cut toward appreciating and enjoying something in life that, without the artist's help, they might not have noticed. ■

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Europe's Seasonal Festivals

MARCH

St. Patrick's Week. A nationwide elebration of Ireland's national festival, ith parades, band competitions, and her colorful musical displays. To 18th.

2 **The Fallas of San Jose**. Celebrated ith parades, bullfights, folkloric dancing ıd costumes, fireworks, and the burning the Fallas. Valencia, Spain. To 19th.

3 **Voss Jazz Festival**. Features foreign ıd national groups and jam sessions. ›rway. To 16th.

3 **Picasso Exhibition**. Paintings never fore exhibited. Louisiana Museum. ımlebaek, Denmark. Through May.

) **Festival of Dos Passos**. A procession, luding more than 300 biblical figures, is from St. Frutuoso's chapel, the oldest in ‘tugal. Real.

) **Budapest Spring Festival**. Concerts, opera, operetta, ballet. Dedicated to the centenary of the birth of Béla Bartók. Hungary. To 29th.

21 **Winter Festival**. Festivities held beyond the Arctic Circle with skiing and skating competitions, entertainment and the selection of the "Black Bear" Princess. Narvik, Norway. To 29th.

25 **March Fair**. This festival is called the Fair of the "Barcos" (boats), and prizes are given to the most beautifully decorated of the Phoenician-prowed boats. Aveiro, Portugal. To April 25.

31 **Malta's National Day**. Band marches, sports festivals, and other activities commemorate the birth of the Republic in 1974. Valletta and Vittoriosa.

APRIL

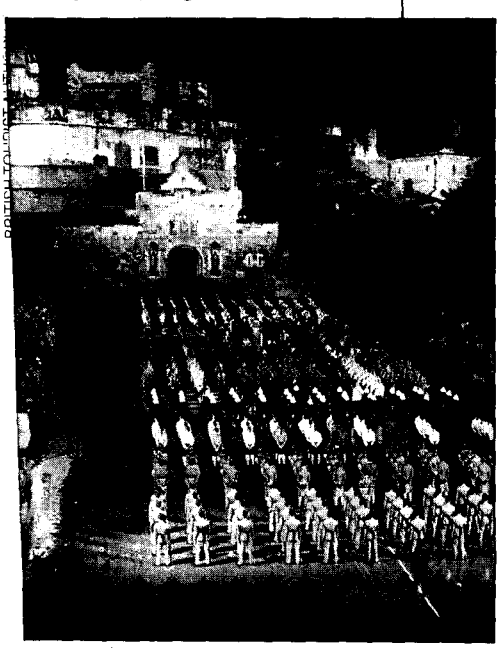
1 **36th Almond Blossom Festival and the 28th International Folklore Festival**. The island of Sicily officially welcomes spring with singing and dancing folklore groups. Agrigento. To 8th.

1 **Sound-and-Light performances**. Popular spectacle combining visual effects with music and narration presented nightly at the Acropolis of Athens, the Palace of the Grand Masters in Rhodes, and the Old Fortress in Corfu. Greece. Through October.

1 (approx.) **Royal Shakespeare Company**. The Memorial Theatre opens its season in Shakespeare's hometown. Stratford-upon-Avon, England. Through December.

11 **Easter Festival**. Includes performances of Wagner's opera *Parsifal* and Haydn's oratorio *The Creation*, under the direction of Herbert von Karajan. International casts are featured. Salzburg, Austria. To 20th.

18 **Easter Ballets**. Three major ballet performances held in the Salle Garnier in Monaco. To 20th.



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Military tattoo is a feature of Edinburgh festival, left; at right, a Wagnerian tableau from *Siegfried* at Bayreuth.

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SURPRISE! Belgium is practically a non-stop festival. So no matter when you visit us, you're sure to land right smack in the middle of one. (Our fine flowered friend above is featured in The Flower Festival in Antwerp.)

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SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

20 **Emaischen**. Folklore festival, dancing, brass band concerts. Nospelt, Luxembourg.

22 **The Fair of the Moors and Christians**. A costumed reenactment of a medieval battle. Alcoy, Spain. To 24th.

25 **Festival of Flanders**. Musica Antiqua competition plus ballet companies and orchestras from around the world. San Francisco Ballet, Royal Flanders Ballet, Chicago Symphony, London Symphony, various Dutch orchestras. Brussels, Ghent, Kortrijk. To October 17.

26 **Easter Sunday**. The most important public holiday and religious anniversary in Greece, with feasting and dancing in regional dress. On Good Friday the faithful carry lighted candles and follow the procession of the "Epitaph," and on Saturday, during Holy Week, the ceremony of the Resurrection takes place in front of all churches. Bells peal and fireworks are displayed at midnight.

28 **Maggio Musicale Fiorentino**. Music by Gluck, Maxwell Davies, Bartók, Wagner, etc., performed by major orchestras. Abbado, Giulini, Mehta, Barenboim, Milstein. Florence, Italy. To July 8.

30 **Walpurgis Night**. Celebrates the arrival of spring throughout Sweden and is particularly lively in the university towns of Stockholm, Gothenburg, Uppsala, Lund, and Umea.

MAY

1 **Tivoli Gardens' 136th Season**. Amusement park opens. Concerts, pantomine. Copenhagen, Denmark. Through mid-September.

8 **Theater Meeting**. Introduction of works by young playwrights. Ten drama productions plus pantomime, music, dance. Berlin, Germany. To 31st.

9 **11th Musicki Biennale Zagreb**. International festival of contemporary music, including contemporary music theater, music workshop, music theater of the Third World, exhibitions, discussions with composers. Yugoslavia. To 16th.

10 **Feria del Caballo**. Andalusian fair with folkloric dress, bullfights, flamenco displays, bronco busting, riding competitions. Jerez de la Frontera, Spain. To 16th.

13 **24th International Film Festival**. The world-famous festival in Cannes attracts the foremost talents in the film world.

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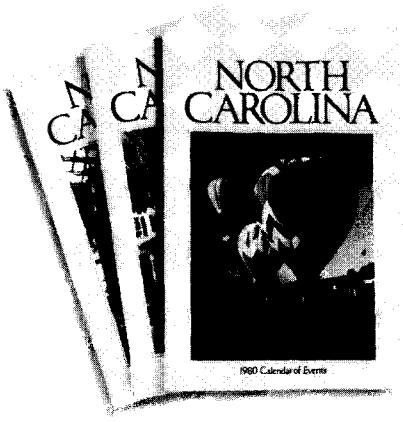

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Features showings, parties, and receptions. France. To 29th.

15 **32nd International Mai Musical.** Opera, symphony, chamber music recitals, ballets, drama, young soloists, art exhibitions. Bordeaux, France. To 30th.

15 (approx.) **Drottningholm Court Theater.** Europe's oldest rococo theater still in use holds performances 2-4 times weekly, featuring mainly 18th-century operas. Stockholm, Sweden. To mid-September.

16 **Vienna Festival.** Opera, drama, operetta, avant-garde. Participating artists include Entremont, Eschenbach, Jarrett, Abbado, Santi. To June 21.

17 **Sardinian Cavalcade.** Traditional procession of over 3,000 people in Sardinian costume with some on horseback. Folk dancing, folk music. Sassari, Italy.

20 **Bergen International Festival.** Music, drama, folklore, opera, and ballet. World-famous orchestras and soloists, foreign operas and ballet companies. In the homes of Edvard Grieg and Ole Bull. Exhibitions, master classes. Norway. To June 3.

22 **32nd International Festival of Bath.** Concerts, fireworks, Roman costume balls. Julian Bream, Beaux Arts Trio, Tallis Scholars, Capricorn, London Sinfonietta Voices. England. To June 7.

28 **The Holy Blood Procession.** Represents episodes of the Old and New Testaments. Recalls the return from the Crusades of the Count of Flanders with a vial of the Holy Blood, now enshrined in Bruges. Belgium.

JUNE

1 **34th Holland Festival.** Opera, music, dance, theater, exhibitions are held in various places including Amsterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen, Rotterdam, and Utrecht. To 23rd.

1 (approx.) **International June Festival.** Opera, chamber orchestras, symphony concerts, including *Wozzeck* by Berg; conductors Leinsdorf, Eschenbach, Dorati, Bohm; soloists Brendel, de Larrocha, Gutman, Nilsson, Speiser. Zurich, Switzerland. To early July.

2 **International Festival of Lyon.** Opera, concerts, theater, ballet. France. To 15th.

15 **International Festival of Classical Music.** Concerts by famous soloists and

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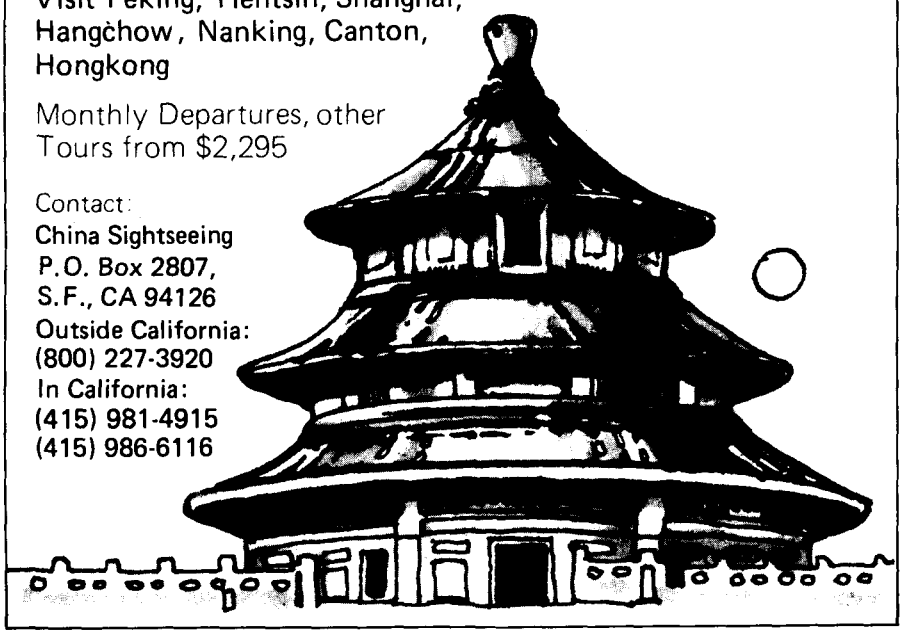

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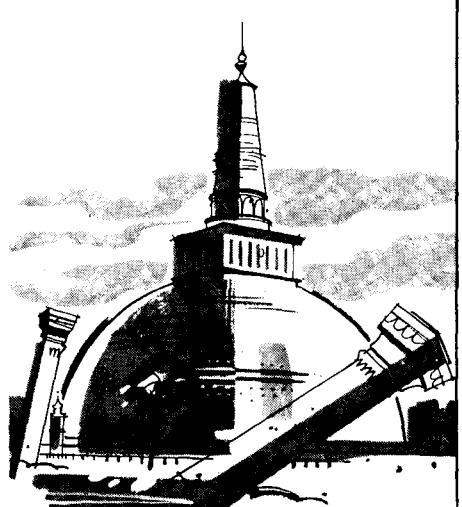

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groups at the Basilica, the Abbey, and the old Church of Sts. Peter and Paul. Echternach, Luxembourg. To July 15.

15 **6th Nicosia Festival**. Features theatrical performances, concerts, and folk art. Nicosia, Cyprus. To 30th.

17 **North Norway Festival**. A major cultural event, with international and local participants, open-air theaters, folklore and exhibitions. Harstad. To 25th.

18 **43rd International Music Festival**. Bach, Schumann, Strauss and Mozart performed by French orchestras, opera companies and choirs. Strasbourg, France. To July 4.

18 **Corfu Festival**. Premier season. Opera, concerts, ballet, folk music, drama. To July 5.

20 **Festival of Chimay**. Chamber music and solo recitals in the castle of Chimay. Belgium. Weekends through July 5.

20 **30th International Festival of Music and Dance**. Homage to Andrés Segovia—Orchestra of Paris, National Orchestra of Spain, Academy of Saint-Martin-in-the-Fields, Granada,. Spain. To July 7.

20 **9th Istanbul International Festival**. Orchestral concerts, chamber music, recitals, opera, ballet, Turkish classical and folk music, drama, folk dances, pop music, exhibitions. To July 15.

20 **29th International Summer Festival**. Concerts, opera, drama, ballet, mime, folklore, puppets, films, exhibitions. Ljubljana, Yugoslavia. To August 30.

25 **Festival of Two Worlds**. Opera, concerts, ballet, drama and art exhibits. Organized by Gian Carlo Menotti. Spoleto, Italy. To July 12.

JULY

1 **Split Summer Festival**. Opera, theater, ballet, and folklore in open spaces, churches and Diocletian's Palace cellars. Yugoslavia. To 15th.

3 **Savonlinna Opera Festival**. Performances are held in the 500-year-old castle of Olavinlinna in the eastern lake district of Finland. To 25th.

5 **Athens Festival**. Orchestral and chamber music, classical and popular theater, opera, ballet, modern dance. In Herod Atticus Amphitheater. Greece. To September 25.

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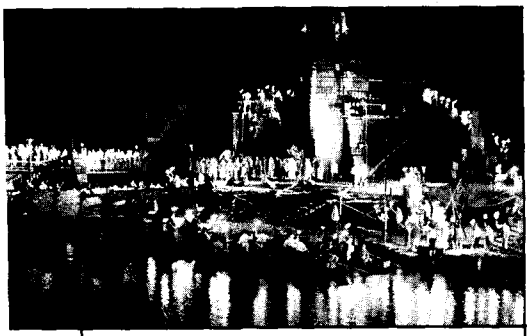

Music wafts from floating stage, Bregenz.

9 **Munich Opera Festival**. Performances of Verdi, Mozart, Richard Strauss in Bavarian State Opera, court of Residence Palace, baroque Cuvillies Theater, and National Theater. Germany. To August 4.

9 **59th Festival at the Arena of Verona**. Opera (*Attila*, *Rigoletto*, *Aida*), ballet, concerts. Verona, Italy. To August 29.

10 **32nd Dubrovnik Summer Festival**. Concerts, chamber music, recitals, opera, ballet, drama, folklore. The medieval city of Dubrovnik offers 44 unique open-air stages for the 100 performances of the festival. Yugoslavia. To August 25.

14 **16th Annual Paris Festival**. Concerts, opera, dance, and theater in monuments and churches. To September 20.

15 **International Festival of Opera and Music**. Classical opera and music performed by French and foreign chamber orchestras and chorales. Aix-en-Provence, France. To August.

15 **Salzburg Festival**. Opera, orchestral concerts, recitals, serenades, chamber concerts and plays by renowned artists. Austria. To August 31.

21 **Bregenz Festival**. Opera, concerts, chamber music, soloists. Placido Domingo, Jose Carreras, Nicolai Ghiaurov. Austria. To August 23.

23 **30th International Festival of Music and Dance**. Includes theater, exhibitions, choreography, cinema, music in the museums. Santander, Spain. To August 29.

25 **Richard Wagner Festival**. Only Wagner operas are performed. Bayreuth, Germany. To August 28.

AUGUST

15 **43rd International Festival of Music**. Classical music with world-famous orchestras and chamber groups. Lucerne, Switzerland. To September 8.

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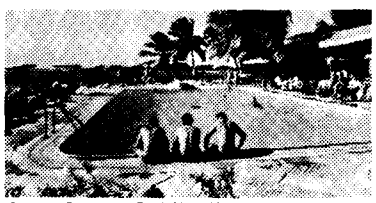

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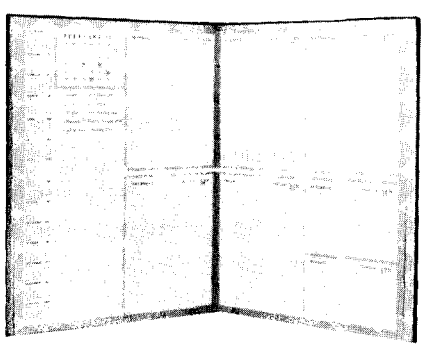

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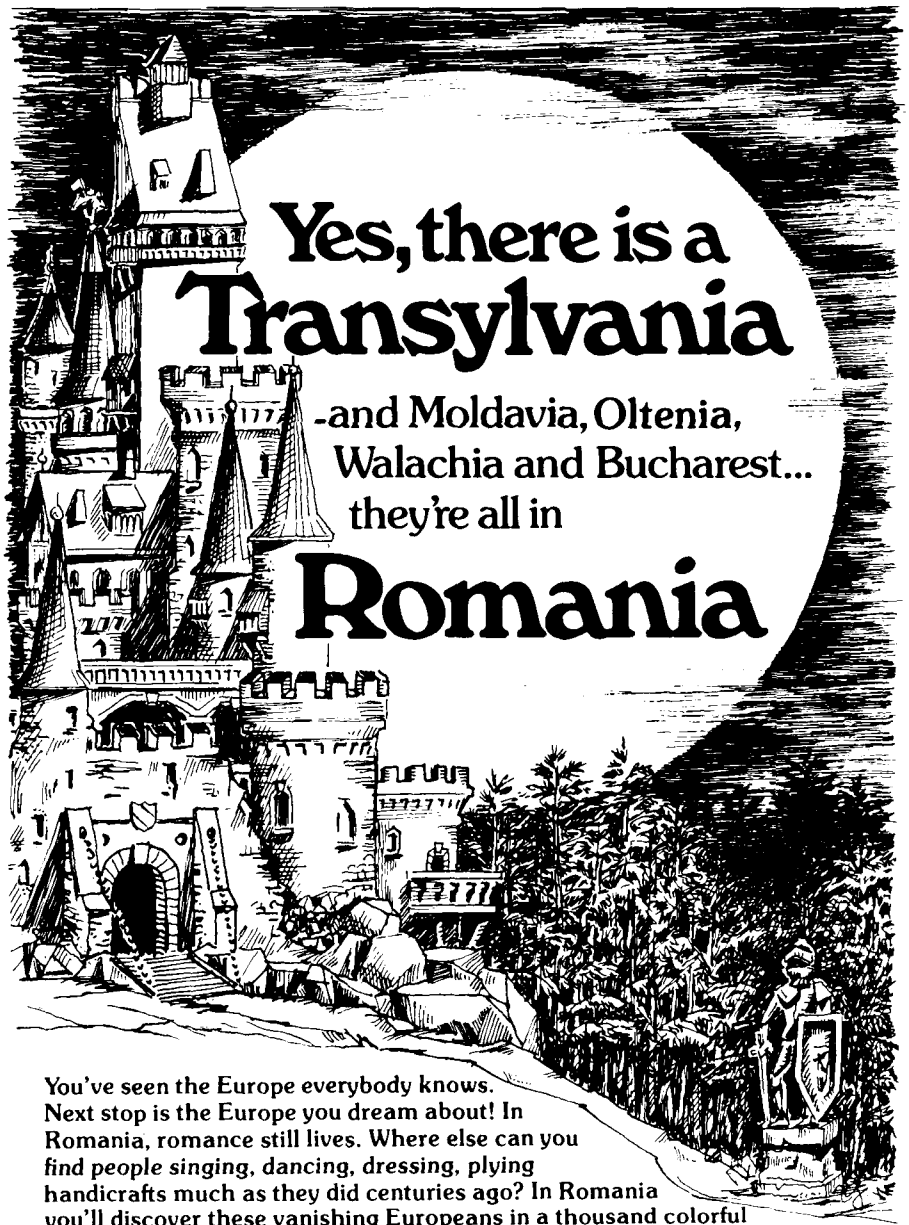

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16 **35th Edinburgh International Festival**. Opera, ballet, choral concerts, chamber music, recitals, modern dance, drama, poetry, lectures, military tattoo, film and television festivals. Scotland. To September 5.

23 **Three Choirs Festival**. The world's oldest continuous festival, held since the 1720s, alternately in Hereford, Worcester, or Gloucester cathedrals. Major symphony orchestras accompany the cathedral choirs. England. To 29th.

24 **Stresa Musical Weeks**. Concerts, chamber music, recitals. Alexis Weissenberg, Vladimir Ashkenazy, and other renowned artists. Recitals of young international competition winners. Italy. To September 18.

26 **Montreux-Vevey Music Festival**. Concerts in castles and churches by Budapest Philharmonic, Hamburg Orchestra, Czech Philharmonic, Slovak Chamber Orchestra, Haydn Trio, Beaux Arts Trio. Also Clara Haskil Competition. Switzerland. To October 4.

27 **Helsinki Festival**. Largest single cultural event in the Nordic countries, featuring concerts, opera and ballet, theater and exhibitions. Finland. To September 12.

SEPTEMBER

5 **Aarhus Festival**. Music, dance, and theater with the citizens of Aarhus as main performers joined by artists from around the world. Denmark. To 13th.

14 **Festival Berlioz**. 800 participants in the performance of the Berlioz Requiem. Other Berlioz works. Lyon. France.

18 ***35th International Festival of Contemporary Music***. All styles of modern music from the classics to the avant-garde and experimental music. Symphony concerts, opera, chamber music, ballet. Warsaw, Poland. To 27th.

19 **Waterford International Festival of Light Opera**. Amateur competitive festival of light opera attracting leading companies from Britain and Ireland. To October 4.

28 **Dublin Theater Festival**. New plays by Irish authors and imported productions by celebrated companies from the U.S. and Europe. Ireland. To October 17.

Editor's Note: Dates are subject to change. Travelers are advised to check with tourist offices.

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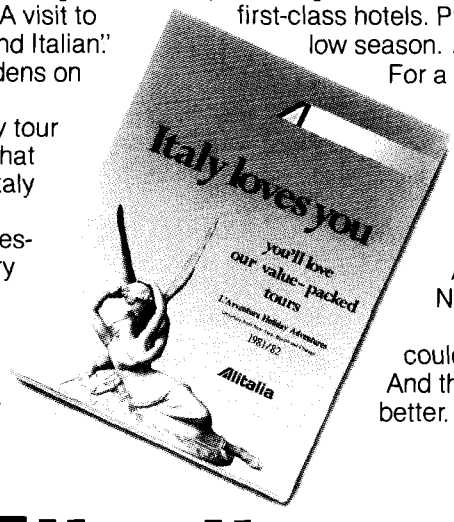

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Vidal's History Lesson

by Benjamin DeMott

Creation
by Gore Vidal
Random House
528 pp., $15.95

Q: *Mr. De Mott, where and when did you begin reading* Creation?

A: The book—Gore Vidal's 17th novel—arrived in the middle of the worst cold spell ever recorded in these parts, and I started on it immediately. It was winter break in the school year—no teaching, no meetings, no distractions. (All this is relevant, trust me.) Outside the wind howled. Inside, in my study, the fireplace drew like a dream. A cozy world. There's no better time on earth for settling into a luxuriously extended daylight read.

Q: *What is your opinion of previous writing by this author? You've enjoyed his work?*

A: I admired *Burr*. Vidal made a unity out of the historical period, which took wit as well as knowledge. Earlier I liked his *Julian*, partly because Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* set me up long ago with the hero. I see *Myron* on my shelf next to the other two. Actually I didn't finish *Myron* but I saved the book, which means something. The answer to your question is yes.

Q: *Tell us succinctly what happened in the course of your reading of* Creation.

A: No problems at first. Book One of *Creation* is short—20 pages or so. There's a first-person narrator named Cyrus Spitama—an old party in his seventies, but likably acerbic—who's an ambassador to Athens from the Persian court of Ataxerxes, son of Xerxes. (We're in the age of Pericles.) As a Persian, Cyrus is no idolator of Greeks. They smell, he says—don't bathe enough. The Sophists are grabby—won't teach except for pay. Greek architecture owes a lot to Persia because Persia kept burning Athens down, obliging "ambitious architects" to do the place over. Greek versions of the Battle of Marathon are all hype. Greek thinkers—Socrates, Anaxagoras, Herodotus (a windbag who never gets a fact straight)—aren't the wonders they're made out to be. And so on. It's amusingly irreverent but not flippant—because Cyrus Spitama does have serious philosophical interests. He's a grandson of the Persian prophet Zoroaster (a.k.a. Zarathustra) and his closest Greek acquaintance is Democritus, philosopher of atoms. At the end of Book One I doubted *Creation* could miss. The narrator combined irony with intellectual commitment, and the historical period was worth thinking about.

Q: *Your tone implies a change of mind.*

A: Yes indeed. Something happened, I have to say that. It happened no more than 30 or 40 pages into Book Two.

Q: *What happened?*

A: The story line of the book disappeared. Anyway, that's how it seemed. Even the narrator vanished—into thick gray clouds of proper nouns. Wherever I turned I seemed to be reading essentially the same paragraph:

> During this time, messengers arrived from the kings of Koshala and Magadha. Each wanted me to visit his kingdom first. As we were already in Koshala, Caraka thought I should present myself to Pasenadi. But since it was Bimbisara who had written Darius, I felt that I was obliged to do him the honor of waiting upon him at Rajagriha. . . .

Who was Pasenadi? Koshala, Caraka, Magadha . . . .I found myself terribly confused—ready to reverse gear and pronounce the book unreadable.

Q: *You took what steps?*

A: I did the things everybody does when disoriented. Poked the fire. Sought company. Petted Rose, a cat. Returned to my study, resumed reading and—

Q: *Go on, please.*

A: No change. Sense of chaos returning. Sense of *Creation* as impenetrable. So many names! Places! Who could go on with this? Is not life too short?

Q: *You were angry? You blamed the author?*

A: For a minute, probably. Then it came to mind that maybe it was my fault. How much did I know? Was I decently equipped? Did I know the difference between Cambyses and Xerxes? Herodotus and Thucydides? Atossa and—

Q: *Next step, please.*

A: I looked for help on my own study shelves. My children seem to have made off with the one-volume encyclopedias so the best I could do was prowl, hoping lightning would strike. I looked up Herodotus and Thucydides in Harry Elmer Barnes's *Cultural History* and yes, I had them straight. I skimmed the first volume of Jaeger's *Paideia*, pausing over some paragraphs about Greek bathing habits. Read Plutarch's *Life of Pericles* (Vidal did too, I think). I own a very handy little book called *The Bible as History*, which turned out to have a few small maps locating places referred to as I was getting lost—Susa, for one—and having a map made me feel more competent. I looked up Xerxes in the index of a fairly recent book called *The Phoenicians* and came upon remarks about the

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Persian-Greek conflict over the centuries that showed me unambiguously the extent of my ignorance. It was plain to me, then, that I'd never find my bearings unless I went at the problem more systematically.

Q: *Meaning?*

A: Meaning, stop pretending, walk across the field to the college library, look up Greeks and Persians. I did exactly that—very nipping air, I must say—and was lucky: In minutes I found a superb book by the historian A. R. Burn called *Persia and the Greeks*. In his preface Burn observes that the Persians are "one of the great imperial peoples of history who deserve more sympathetic treatment than, from our inevitably and rightly phil-Hellenic point of view, they have sometimes received." Vidal shares this perspective and seems to have used Burn a good deal, but of course Vidal has modern Iran—even the hostages—in mind in ways that Burn, writing 20 years ago, did not. But forget that. What matters is that Burn provided hundreds of pages on Persian religion and psychology and on the "Great Invasion" of Greece—reminders about Themistocles, Battle of Salamis, the Greek Counteroffensive, the works. By the end of the afternoon I was decently equipped.

Q: *You're saying that you then understood the wars of the Greeks and Persians? But is* Creation *actually about these wars?*

A: Not really. But there's an immense amount of allusion throughout the book to the wars and their background, and if one hasn't a rough historical notion of Persian self-conceptions—

Q [*Interrupting impatiently*]: *Pray what is the book about?*

A: Sorry. It's the life story, really, of the old man Cyrus whom we meet at the start as ambassador. In his earlier life, Cyrus, who was a boyhood friend of Xerxes, worked as a kind of advance man for Xerxes' father Darius, whose imperial Persian eye looked to the East. (There we go with the names again.) He, Darius, kept sending Cyrus Spitama further and further eastward, hoping to extend thereby the range of his name and power—intimidating the people of the Ganges plains and of Cathay, faking a desire for commerce, picking up intelligence that would be useful if he decided to invade. Part of the book is the story of Cyrus's travels and the strange customs he notices en route. (The customs described at length are the kind Gore Vidal has often shown a weakness for—ladies mating with stallions under blankets, eunuchs in Sardis running through the streets of towns after castrating themselves—tossing their genitals through the doorway of one or another house "whose owner is then obliged to take in the creature and nurse him back to health.")

The remainder of the book is the story of Cyrus's meetings and conversations with the founders of the great philosophical traditions of India and China. Vidal's portraits of the Buddha and Confucius are quite striking.

Q: *You insist that you could not have enjoyed the book without these trots?*

A: I found Burn indispensable.

Q: *You're sure others would be in the same jam you were? Equally ignorant?*

A: No *way*, not my brother-in-law. I just bet my brother-in-law knows right now all about the Babylonian Captivity and Medes and Persians and mass deportations and King Cyrus's Edict and burial customs of the Magi—the whole bit. The guy knows everything, believe me. The point is I don't. I had to cross a field to the library to put it together.

Q: *Life is not crossing a field.*

A: Life is not crossing a field, check. Still it's not right to chide an author for assuming his audience knows something about the ancient world. We're not supposed to be fools. We all *had* it, as they say. Back in Ancient History with Miss Palmer or Professor Gavotch. Mesopotamia, the Fertile Crescent . . . . Some people don't forget. They remember about Zoroaster and monotheism. The way of the Tao. Confucius say.

Q: *We're to understand this as a recommendation? You advise purchase of this work?*

A: It's a hedged recommendation. If you're up on the ancient world, you'll surely like *Creation*. (The best feature, really, is the book's juxtaposition of ancient ideas about the nature of the universe. The world views come across with their entanglements intact—their dependency on history, culture, the psyches of their creators. Interesting.) If you once knew a little and can scratch up some background out of what's already on your shelves, you'll find it more stimulating than might be expected. If, though, those cunning historical passages are gone for you, and if, still worse, your library is, like mine, mainly novels, poetry, biographies, travel, and picture books, and if—one last if—there's more than a little field separating you from a first-class collection of history books, then I think I might hang back from *Creation* for a while. You could wind up staring out your study window at the frozen world, worrying about yourself. Wishing it were spring and time to cut the grass.■

TOM VICTOR

Readers with no knowledge of ancient history may get lost in Vidal's *Creation*.

Benjamin DeMott is Andrew Mellon Professor of Humanities at Amherst College.

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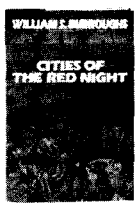
Burroughs's Bad Dreams

by Anthony Burgess



Cities of the Red Night
by William S. Burroughs
Holt, Rhinehart & Winston
332 pp., $14.95

I have read all of William Burroughs's work with interest and, not infrequently, profound admiration. He is original. He has been called one of the poets of the drug culture (*Naked Lunch* was, among other things, about the power of pushers, who could eat you for lunch naked). His writing is always a bit science-fictional, and the decor is always recognizably Burroughsian: blue fire flashes from fundaments, orgasms are highly chromatic affairs, violence is performed very casually. We are not dealing with real events so much as poetic symbols of the generalized horror of the world. Unfortunately, Burroughs's cupboard of symbols is not well-stocked, and he becomes rather monotonous.

This is the trouble with *Cities of the Red Night*. When we have pederastic thrusts on every page we soon start to yawn. There is much concern with catching the sperm of hanged men, and sexual strangulation is a recurrent, and soon boring, theme.

The reader will now wish to know what, if anything, the book is about. A foreword tricks us into hoping that Burroughs will be retelling in fiction form the story of that Captain Mission mentioned in Don C. Seltz's *Under the Black Flag*. Mission, about the middle of the 18th century, is to be regarded as the founding father of a pirate commune. He hoisted not the black flag but the flag of liberty, being convinced that the techniques of piracy could be used to protect the New Freedom against the great powers, and that South America could be the breeding ground for the humane experiment. One strand of Burroughs's multitemporal narrative deals with the crew of a pirate ship that sets up such a liberal regime, getting rid of the corrupt and tyrannical with lethal opiates, preaching tolerance of all sexual practices. This dream of a new Eden is, of course, blasted by the badness of the world. The eponymous cities, which were once situated in the Gobi Desert, transmit a horrible disease, lovingly described. It involves ghastly pustules and terminal ejaculations.

Burroughs is a poet of the drug culture—but his fantasies are always the same.

The roughly contemporary strand reintroduces us to Clem Snide, the Private Asshole (a number of old creations of Burroughs mix in with the new ones, including the Dr. Benway who once said that his first love was cancer). Snide investigates a magical beheading and indulges in magic himself. Later, in a kind of Mexico, he gets on to the fabulous books that tell of the fabulous Cities of the Red Night, and the 18th and 20th centuries are brought together. If there is a moral to this very confused narrative it is hinted at in the final paragraph:

> I remember a dream of my childhood. I am in a beautiful garden. As I reach out to touch the flowers they wither under my hands. A nightmare feeling of foreboding and desolation comes over me as a great mushroomed cloud darkens the earth. A few may get through the gate in time. Like Spain, I am bound to the past.

We have heard this before. We all missed the chance of building the good world and opted for the evil-smelling junk of our endless naked lunch.

Burroughs has undoubted literary gifts, but he has opted for a lack of intellectuality that makes his fantasies no more than loose collages in which the news is always the same—getting anally screwed with Bengal lights, attempting bizarre violence with an insufficient musculature, getting fixes. There is no solidity: It is like a long cadenza for a tin-eared trap-drummer. Probably what Burroughs needs is a theology. Blake was a far greater fantasist and he demonstrated that no poet is big enough to create his own. ■

Anthony Burgess's *Earthly Powers* was recently published by Simon & Schuster.

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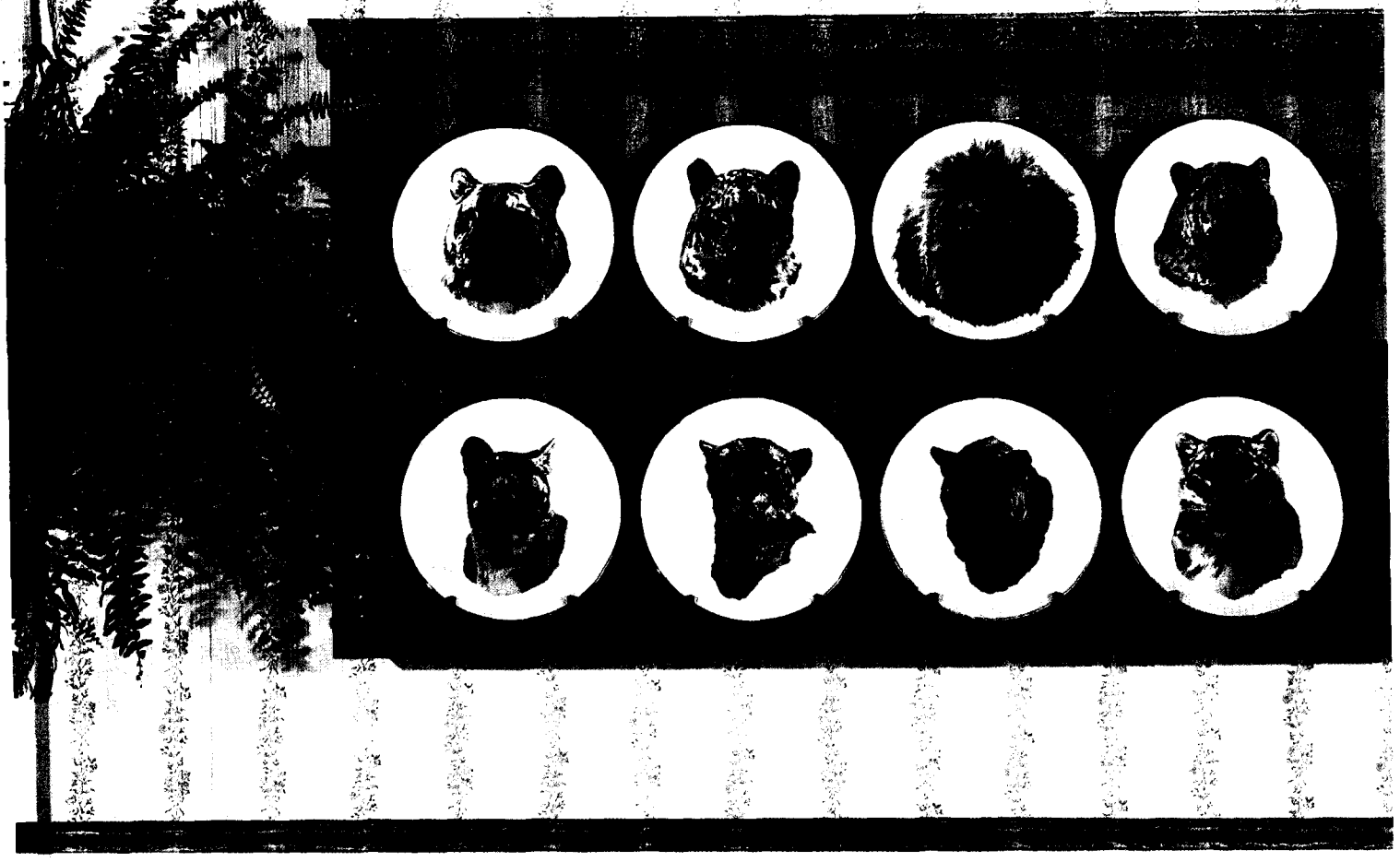

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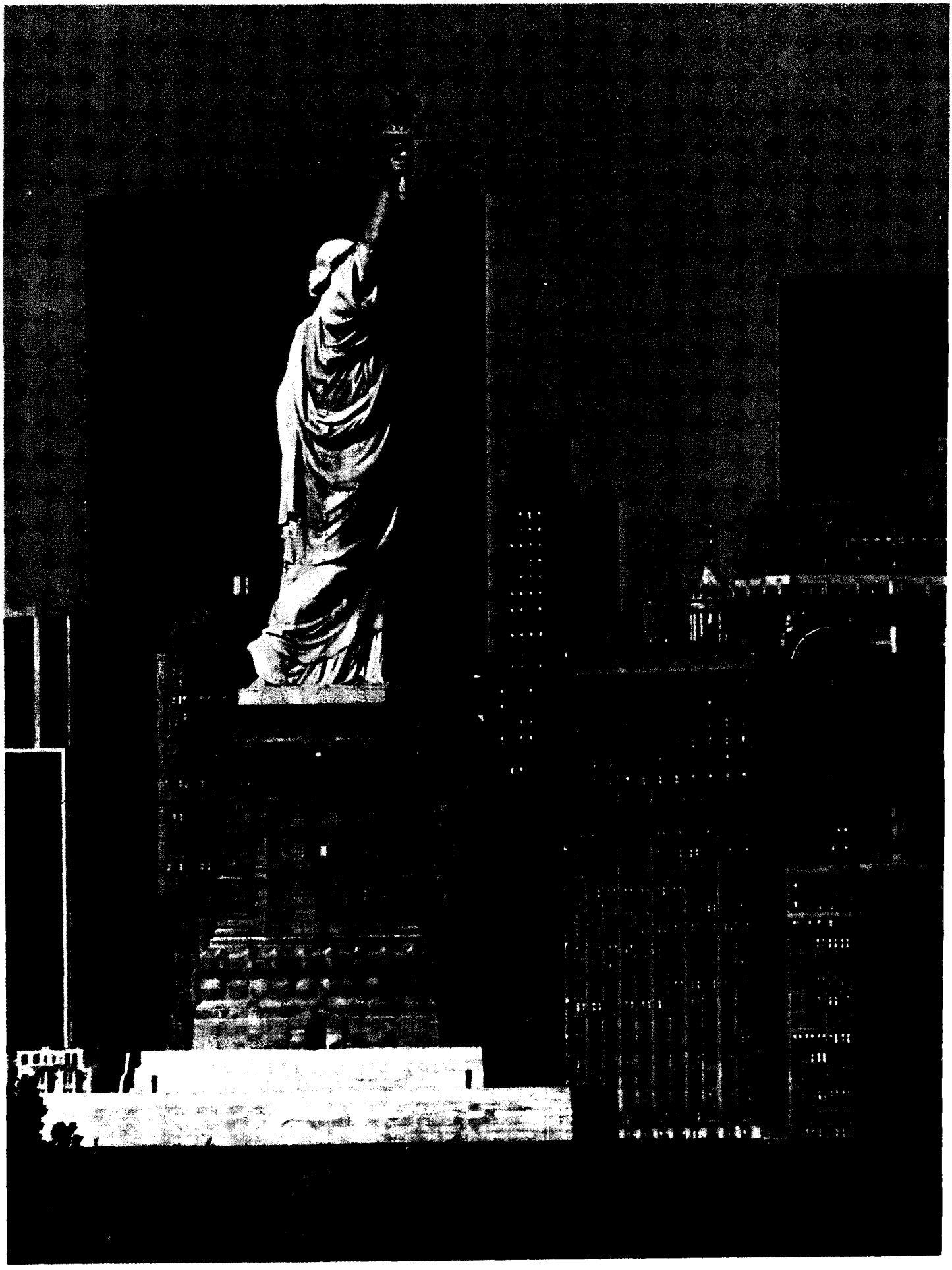

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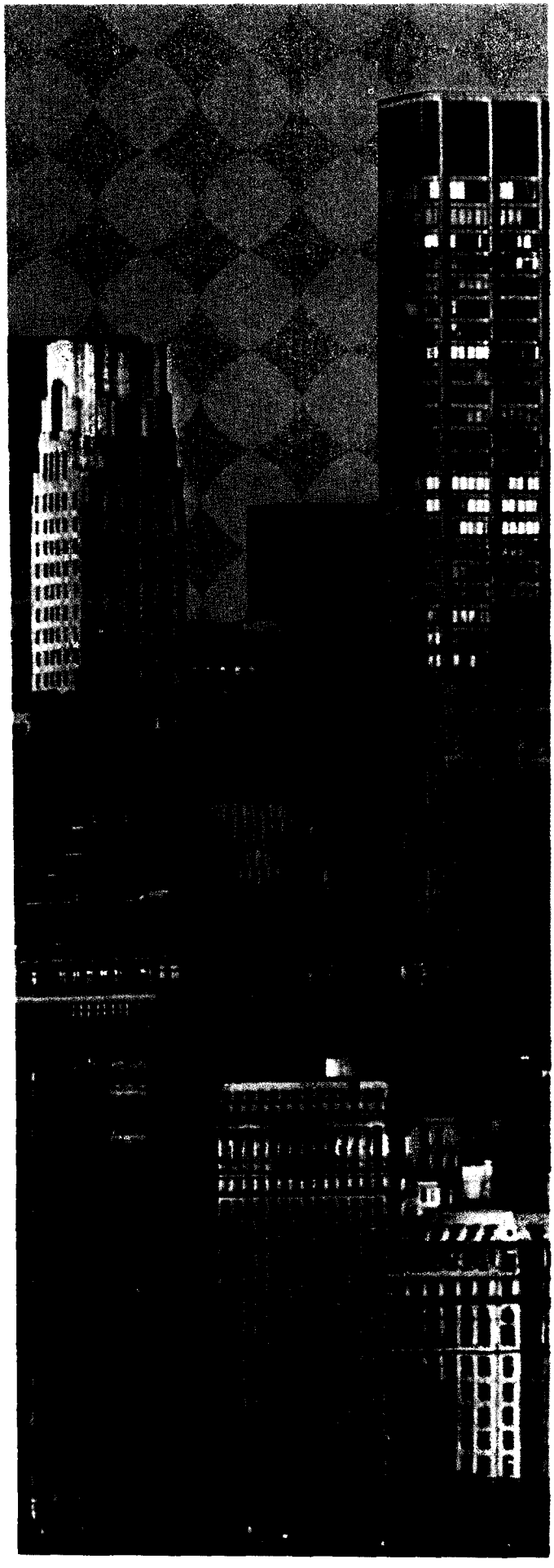

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Orwell Well Done

by Nicholas von Hoffman

George Orwell
by Bernard Crick
Atlantic Monthly/Little, Brown, 576 pp., $19.95

Biographies of writers are onerous undertakings that most often fail. Writers don't "do" anything that lends itself to interesting narration. Furthermore, any writer good enough to merit a biography is good enough to present himself, his thoughts, and his feelings with greater clarity and force than the person sweeping up the outtakes of his life and compacting them into a book.

Small wonder it is a field given over to the proles in graduate English lit. But some writers must have their posthumous portraits painted, and such a one is George Orwell, for he, as much as any single person, has shaped our vision of the political landscape within which we dwell. Marijuana-smoking high school kids in Carson City make casual reference to Big Brother. People who've never read that book, or any book for that matter, know what *1984* means.

Books like Tom Paine's *Common Sense* and Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* persuaded people to take epochal action, but Orwell did something yet more remarkable. He wrote a book that taught us how to see. He has done for English-speaking people, if not all children in European society, what John Bunyan did when he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*. He has defined the world for us.

Thirty years after his death a biographer worthy of him has written the story of his life. This isn't your run-of-the-mill biography bearing the name of an academic grantsman who does little more than pull together the research of four anonymous assistants who may or may not be acknowledged in the foreword. The research here had to be done by the author who has woven it together to bring George Orwell back to life. By the time you put this book down you will believe you know the man and not in any silly psycho-pseudological way. What makes the book so convincing and George Orwell so present in the reader's imagination is that Bernard Crick presents him to us as we know other people, not by speculative explorations inside their noggins, but by seeing them, hearing them, and living with them. Crick has found out all that is verifiably knowable about George Orwell and put it down in the good, sensibly simple prose Orwell himself would appreciate.

As much as anyone, Orwell has shaped our vision of the political landscape.

Mr. Crick has the judgment to leave us with his picture of this big, tall man with the ravage-marked cheeks, carrying and caring for his infant son after his wife died on the operating-room table. By the book's end the reader comes to love Orwell for the man he was, accepting his faults and peculiarities, and also accepting, along with the author, that we can never have the start of Orwell's genius explained for us. By all odds he should have lived and died a not very important imperial civil servant, a bit cranky, a bit hard to get along with, bookish but a tad more competent than his colleagues all the same.

Orwell, who begins his adult life as a policeman in the British colony of Burma, gradually curves off in unheard-of directions. What kicks him off into his life trajectory Crick cannot say, much less describe, but he is able, once Orwell curves off and away from the ordinary, to narrate his development as a writer. It is a dramatic tale we're told of this man, who lives outside the help of any old-boy network, who has no money, suffers from tuberculosis, and who has got it into his head that he will write, he will learn to do it.

It is also a story of the anomaly that the most influential English language political writer of our century should start out not being much interested in politics. He was well into his twenties before he began evolving into the non-doctrinaire but fiercely convinced socialist he became and remained throughout his life. His experience as a left-winger was different from that of the middle-class university radicals of his time. He didn't attend a university, never was a Communist, never flirted with the party and "the pansy left" as he called some of its members, but found his own way leftward through a metamorphosis that has him saying of one period in his life, "I seem to have spent half the time in denouncing the capitalist system and the other half in raging over the insolence of bus-conductors."

Life and the way he led it turned Orwell into a tough guy—not a rowdy, but a man whose thinking couldn't be pushed around and intimidated. That is why he could see what his contemporaries couldn't and see it farther away. Crick describes the toughening of Orwell's mind and spirit so that he conveys how this once rather conventional but abrasive loner could come to be a man who would commit the heroic and dangerous act of going to Spain to fight Franco and fascism. It was in the

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Spanish War that Orwell jelled into the unique left-winger that he was. These 1937 words about what was going on there reveal the impetus behind *Animal Farm* and *1984*: "The real struggle is between revolution and counter-revolution; between the workers who are vainly trying to hold on to a little of what they won in 1936, and the Liberal-Communist bloc who are so successfully taking it away from them. . . . Communism is now a counter-revolutionary force; . . . Communists everywhere are in alliance with bourgeois reformism. . . . Hence the grotesque spectacle of Communists assailed as wicked 'Reds' by right-wing intellectuals who are in essential agreement with them."

With that view Orwell found it difficult to get himself published. Nobody wanted him, but it is only after reading Crick's book that one can appreciate how alone Orwell often was and how disturbing his writing was to Communists, liberals, and conservatives. We learn that his masterpiece, *Animal Farm*, was rejected by the major publishers in the United Kingdom even though they knew how good it was. Crick prints this astonishing letter of rejection from T.S. Eliot in the poet's capacity of editorial adviser to the prestigious firm of Faber & Faber:

> We [the directors] agree that it is a distinguished piece of writing; that the fable is very skilfully handled, and that the narrative keeps one's interest on its own plane—and that is something very few authors have achieved since Gulliver. On the other hand, we have no conviction that this is the right point of view from which to criticize the political situation at the present time. . . . I am very sorry because whoever publishes this will naturally have the opportunity of publishing your future work: and I have a regard for your work, because it is good writing of fundamental integrity. . . .

This letter, surely one of the strangest rejection slips ever sent out, was written in 1944. World War II was on and the decision had been made in Britain and the United States too that criticism of Stalin and/or Russian communism was not to be allowed. *Animal Farm*, a work that men like Eliot considered as the equal of Jonathan Swift's satire, eventually was published by a small socialist house. Its success was immediate, so Orwell could take some pleasure in thinking of the profits the capitalist publishers had lost in refusing to print what was up to then and perhaps even now the most powerfully persuasive attack on communism in the English language.

The publishers had no reluctance to go with *1984*, an immediate best-seller on both sides of the Atlantic. But Crick gives a picture of an Orwell—for the first time in his life with some money in his pocket and with wide critical acclaim—sick and dying of tuberculosis, less than absolutely elated at the book's reception, particularly in America. In his own country, Orwell, a man wounded on the Loyalist side in the Spanish Civil War, a writer long associated with the left, was a well-known socialist figure. Against that background *1984* was not received as a repudiation of socialist ideals—which it wasn't—but as a warning, to use Crick's word, for what might come if the tendencies and directions evident in *1948* were not altered.

Orwell at home in 1945—before the sucess of *1984* finally won him acclaim.

Over here, however, the author wasn't known. Thus when the book was hailed by the *Wall Street Journal* and *Time* magazine and the right-wing press generally, Orwell was so bothered by their simple, anti-Communist interpretation that he dictated a press release outlining the work's true meaning. He needn't have worried. By the late 1960s millions of Americans had come to the conclusion that Big Brother lived in the White House in addition to maintaining an elegant apartment in the Kremlin. The warning has been heeded, but whether the danger has been averted we have three years to see. Like the word "Kafkaesque," the adjective "Orwellian" has been made part of our language. Proof enough of how seriously we've come to take this dreamer of nightmares.

What we didn't have until Bernard Crick's book was a good portrait of this man of such frightening political imagination. We do now. Loving and alive, admiring but not uncritical, well-focused on its subject but with enough background and supplementary information to make him intelligible, this is one literary biography that works and works well. ■

Nicholas von Hoffman is a well-known syndicated columnist.

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BOOK BRIEFS

Fiction

The White Hotel
by D.M. Thomas
The Viking Press, 288 pp., $12.95

THIS EXTRAORDINARY NOVEL creates Lisa Erdman, a fictitious patient of Sigmund Freud, together with her erotic journal, letters from various members of Freud's inner circle, and a thoroughly convincing analysis by Freud himself—followed by Lisa's later life, death, and apotheosis. Lisa's journal, the core of the book, details her fantasy about the White Hotel, where she imagines an ecstatic affair with Freud's son while storms, fires, avalanches, and meteor showers continually decimate the clientele. Presented first as a poem and then in an expanded prose redaction, the journal's eerily blissful blend of Eros and Thanatos has its own dazed, orgiastic innocence. But the other parts of Thomas's novel are equally masterful.

The real hero is Sigmund Freud—not the minor comic character of *Ragtime* or Sherlock Holmes's lively young companion of *The Seven-Percent Solution* but the analyst, theoretician, humanist, and writer of his own books who broods kindly over this one. The imaginary case of Lisa Erdman, mingling the death wish with the pleasure principle, comes to Freud's attention while he is struggling with the formulation of the death wish as an active force in the psyche. And when Lisa dies in the Babi Yar massacre, it is because Europe itself has gone beyond the pleasure principle into the bleakest moments of mankind. That all this becomes transformed into a vision of hope is the triumph of its author, a British poet of astounding talent.

—CHARLES NICOL

Midnight's Children
by Salman Rushdie
Alfred A. Knopf, 442 pp., $13.95

SALEEM, the hero of *Midnight's Children*, takes pride in his extraordinary olfactory powers. He sniffs his way back to the Kashmir of his grandfather, a man notable for a large nose (that "established incontrovertibly his right to be a patriarch") and the odd courtship of his wife through a seven-inch hole in a sheet. Saleem's own father's powers of smell are so weak that he cannot catch a whiff of his wife's infidelities. But Saleem, born on the midnight of India's independence, breathes his first breath on the most heady of scents—freedom and hope.

With wry affection, author Salman Rushdie draws us into the family's kitchens and politics, as well as the sexual struggles behind the *purdah*. Most gripping is Saleem's transformation from baby, full of dreams, to adult, confused and empty amid the disillusioning modern power struggles in his homeland. This is a tale of family, superstition, love, belief cherished and lost. It is also about the Indian subcontinent. Vibrantly evoking these subjects in this memorable novel, Rushdie pleases the senses and the heart.

—PHYLLIS BIRNBAUM

The Cat and the King
by Louis Auchincloss
Houghton Mifflin
184 pp., $10.95

HISTORIANS PRIZE the famous *Memoirs* of Louis de Rouvroy, duc de Saint-Simon, for preserving the daily rituals and court gossip that surrounded Louis XIV during the decades of his reign. Yet the writer who managed to obtain and record the most extraordinary secrets of Versailles, even of its boudoirs, rarely mentioned himself. In his latest novel, Louis Auchincloss attempts to make Saint-Simon the central actor in the competitive playground that the diarist watched as a silent, cat-like spectator.

As protagonist, Saint-Simon is a bland disappointment. His main concern, to uphold the honor of France by opposing the marriage of the king's illegitimate children to their high-ranking relatives, lacks drama. Still, Auchincloss recalls the pageant of Versailles with roguish prose. In a series of vignettes, courtiers fight over the monumental trifles of etiquette, protocol, and precedence. In a scene at Marly, Madame la Duchesse, one of several bright medallion characters, practices the deft art of swathing her savage remarks with words of silk. The Sun King himself deigns to make a few appearances, as befits his royal person and the requirements of the novel. Auchincloss sketches his aloof magnificence with sharp economy, a glance, a word, and his power and his moods are felt everywhere.

—JOHN FLUDAS

Peace Breaks Out
by John Knowles
Holt, Rinehart & Winston
208 pp., $10.95

WITH FIVE MILLION copies in print John Knowles's first novel, *A Separate Peace*, has been much acclaimed in the 22 years since its publication. Set at a

"How long will Harry be in Bolivia?"

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JOHANN PACHELBEL (1653-1706)
CANON in D Major; PARTIA No. VI in B-flat Major; PARTIE in G Major
JOHANN FRIEDRICH FASCH (1688-1758)
CONCERTO in D Major for Trumpet, 2 Oboes, Strings and Continuo
SINFONIA in G Major; SINFONIA in A Major
Maurice ANDRÉ, Trumpet
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BOOK BRIEFS

boys' prep school toward the end of World War II, that tragic tale dramatized the envy inherent in the affection which binds close friends. Although the major characters are different in Knowles's latest novel, *Peace Breaks Out* is set at the same Devon School just after the war. Where passions in the earlier book were charged by the certainty that the boys would soon be off to war, the seniors here are restless and frustrated because the great adventure of their time has ended too early, leaving no vent for their rage and idealism.

Pete Hallam, a Devon alumnus wounded in the war, returns to become a teacher, seeking the tranquility he remembers at the school. But Wexford, a Machiavellian senior, is out to stir up the students' easily arousable animosity. His target is a brilliant loner of German extraction who caustically defends German ways. Wexford leads a fund-raising drive for a chapel window to commemorate the school's alumni who died in the war. When the window is shattered, a group of jocks assumes the loner is the culprit and rough him up. Unfortunately, the attack, the ultimate calamity, and the true villain are no surprise.

One wants to like the book (and there are long stretches when one does), but the predictability of plot and character impair its effect. Ultimately, and regrettably, *Peace Breaks Out* lacks the deftness and restraint that made *A Separate Peace* a classic. —JOE AMIEL

American Rose
by Julia Markus
Houghton Mifflin, 322 pp., $12.95

ROSE ADDIS grows up in America with the troubling burden of a past that she traces back to her great-grandmother, an immigrant from Alsace-Lorraine. The family line in the New World has yielded a son who makes his fortune as a butcher and a granddaughter whose early talents for the piano later dissolve into madness. Most favored of all is the American Rose, who has combined the family's gifts for art, practicality, and romance. Rose goes to college, hears about Freud, and sleeps with men who rail against bourgeois values.

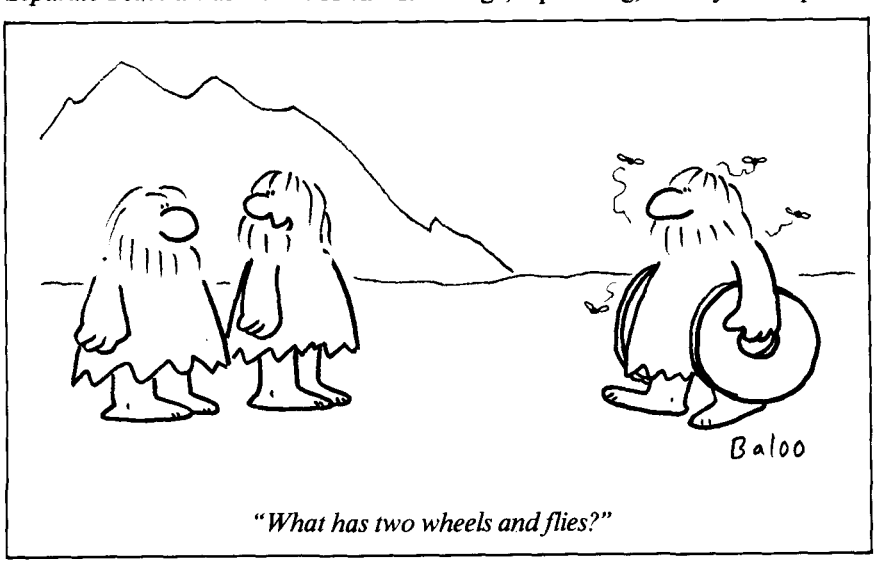
The gentle, probing voice describing the events that shape Rose's life is the most appealing aspect of this novel. Markus tenderly traces a father's disappointments and a mother's confusion, avoiding the brittle jokes that are by now hackneyed elements in immigrant sagas. But the soft tone does not dwell enough upon Rose's thoughts or precisely why she is finally so discontent. More about what ails her so might have brought life to the novel that bears her name.—PHYLLIS BIRNBAUM

Unit Pride
by Billy Dickson and John McAleer
Doubleday, 528 pp., $13.95

WHAT ROUGH BEAST now slouches toward the bookstores to be born? The large, sprawling, nearly amorphous foul-mouthed blood-thirsty war novel! In this case it's a collaboration between a now-deceased former convict named Billy Dickson and sympathetic English professor John McAleer, who responded to a letter from the convicted bank robber when Dickson was doing time at Walpole Prison.

Hundreds of letters were subsequently exchanged as the pair worked for 15 months on a draft of the nearly illiterate Dickson's Korean battlefront autobiography. Shortly after the rehabilitated veteran was murdered outside the prison walls, McAleer dedicated almost two more years to the revision of their original manuscript. The result may be an interesting social document—literary Pygmalions usually are—but as a novel it's an unappealing mess, littered with an endless, and pointless, round of hills taken and retaken, the slaughter of countless waves of "gooks," and copious R&R-rated fornications with submissive battlefront prostitutes and willing shopgirls in Japan.

For all its length, hardly a page of *Unit Pride* compares with the brief Korean War sequence in the late Earl Thompson's *Tattoo*, still the definitive modern American *Bildungsroman*, (along with its author's earlier *Garden of Sand*) for poor uneducated rural Caucasian boys with a lust for women and mayhem. This novel reads more like the *Combat* comics such kids skim through while chomping hot dogs and gulping beer. —ALAN CHEUSE



"What has two wheels and flies?"

The Book of Ebenezer Le Page
by G.B. Edwards
Alfred A. Knopf, 416 pp., $13.95

"THE OLDER I GET and the more I learn, the more I know I don't know nothing, me," says the bandy-legged Channel Islander Ebenezer Le Page at the start of this rambling novel masquerading as a reminiscence. Spanning about eight decades of Guernsey life from before the Boer War to after World War II, the narrative unfolds at a hobbled pace through a multitude of foibles and injustices, petty and great, that plague the speaker and his clan over several seabound generations.

Ebenezer is a testy old codger, whose

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BOOK BRIEFS

rigorous observations of human nature—from the incestuous bond between his aunts Hetty and Prissy, to his cousin Raymond's misdirected holy zeal, to his own misanthropy—save him from being just a colorful character with ever a tart saying on the tip of his tongue, and whose few true friends save him from being the "mean little sod" he says he is. Lawyers, tourists, do-gooders, women who wear trousers, and men who drive cars are all anathema to him. So it is little wonder when he must find an heir for the cache of illegal gold sovereigns buried beneath his apple tree that the miserly coot has trouble.

"There is a story in the Bible about a man who buried his talent in the ground," Ebenezer tells us. "I think he came to a bad end...." The author, G.B. Edwards, buried *his* talent in the ground until his late sixties, when he began this first and only novel, published posthumously; certainly, though it is slow reading, we should thank its discoverer, John Fowles, for unearthing an eccentric voice worth hearing.

—LAURA GERINGER

Ellis Island and Other Stories
by Mark Helprin
Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence
196 pp., $10.95

MARK HELPRIN is another unique writer whom the *New Yorker* editors in their laudatory and tireless pursuit of stylistic excellence regularly bring to the attention of fiction readers. Absolutely any paragraph of Helprin's is an ideal example of the fluidity and resonance of his story-telling. Here, then, is the first paragraph of "Ellis Island," the title—and best—story this new collection: "In January, when the sea is cold and dark, crossing the Atlantic is only for the brave. Seen from the land during the day, the ocean is forbidding, but it is nearly unimaginable at night in a storm, far north, where the ice tumbles down gray wave troughs like tons of shattered glass."

A surprising number of Helprin words—"ocean," "sea," "cold," "ice"—are caught up in these two characteristic sentences. Adjectives like "sparkling" and "glinting" and "glimmering" are among the major components of the brilliant images he creates for his tales about young men of various nationalities dreaming and undergoing dream-like experiences as they come to terms with and continue to navigate the tortuous, confluent rivers of art and life.

Helprin's stories—not all of them equally substantial (but no matter)—are so artistically etched that reading them is like casting an eye along a row of breath-taking, perfect Steuben objects.

—DAVID FINKLE

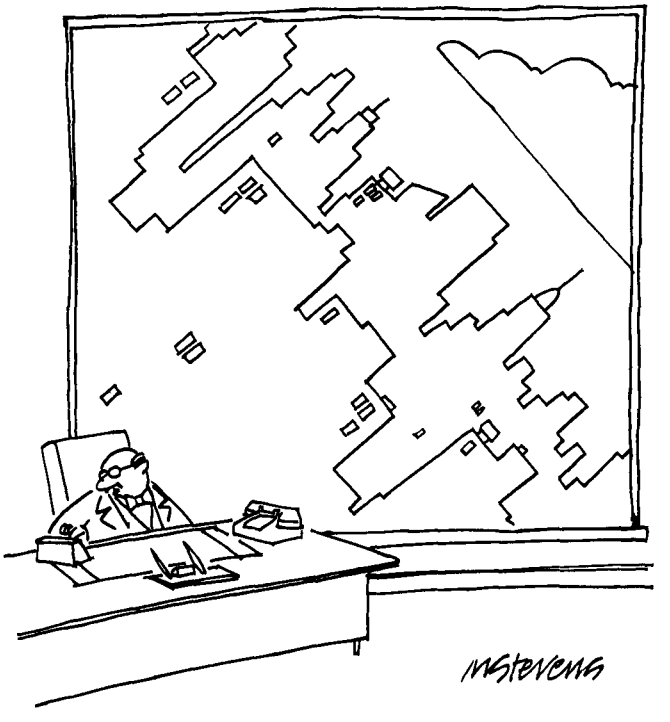
The Hangwoman
by Pavel Kohout
Translated by Kăca Poláčková-Henley
G. P. Putnam's Sons, 256 pp., $14.43

PAVEL KOHOUT, the exiled Czechoslovakian playwright and novelist, was quoted as saying not long ago on a visit to New York, "Literature is the only thing that does well in oppression."

Literature does fairly well in *The Hangwoman*, but not outstandingly, and for a reason that has to do with how writers bred in oppressed countries often find they have to ply their craft: by the construction of allegories. It takes rare skill to write an allegory that synchronizes the multiple levels on which it is meant to work; unsuccessful allegories—and *The Hangwoman* ultimately has to be counted one—may go some of their literary distance but awkwardly, like participants in a three-legged race who haven't the knack.

The plot here, which is undeniably funny and nasty from time to time, concerns the sorry ends a number of men come to in their effort to initiate a teenage girl into the traditions and mysteries of public execution, primarily by hanging. During the time all these libidinously double-minded authorities are tripping themselves up, heroine Lizinka remains mute, breaking her silence only at the end, when, triumphant due to an ambivalent innocence, she makes a remark so lame, crude, and unilluminating the reader may feel nothing more than having been taken on an aimless ride.

Translated by Kăca Poláčková-Henley in a clumsy use of vernacular reminiscent of a diva having a go at the blues, *The Hangwoman* depends for its acceptance quite literally on a tolerance for gallows humor. —DAVID FINKLE



"Tompkins! Find out what the hell's going on outside...."

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Nonfiction

Palm Sunday:
An Autobiographical Collage
by Kurt Vonnegut
Delacorte Press, 320 pp., $13.95

IN THE INTRODUCTION to this ragged and meandering pastiche of writings and speeches, Kurt Vonnegut declares that he has had to use much connective tissue in order to animate his literary "golem." Indeed, that this rough beast of an "autobiography" manages to lumber forth at all is due solely to its author's dogged determination to locate the thread that binds both his life and work.

Vonnegut makes no bones about being didactic. He sees loneliness cured only by an "extended family" of human relationships. He shrugs off critics who enshrine literate obscurity and neglect plot and plain speech as First Principles of fiction. Only when speaking from personal experience does Vonnegut's touch become deft. His sketches of his family's passage from immigrant prosperity to social and geographical dislocation mirror the fall of tradition and the rise of anomie as the American way of life. A vivid description of World War II Dresden as a fire-bombed city of "boiling pisspots and flaming prams" lingers in the mind as an image of technological barbarism.

Despite such flashes of brilliance, *Palm Sunday* is muddied by stretches of sophomoric humor and by Vonnegut's all-too-familiar cuteness of speech. Still, it remains surprisingly readable and, ultimately, is suggestive of a compassionate sensibility uncommon in contemporary American literature.

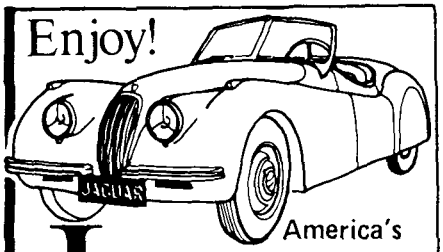
—DAVID BELL

Cosima Wagner
by George R. Marek
Harper & Row, 304 pp., $17.95

COSIMA WAGNER lived a storybook life. She was the illegitimate daughter of composer-pianist Franz Liszt and Countess Marie d'Agoult, neither of whom gave Cosima much attention. At age 19 Cosima married Hans von Bülow, the leading conductor of the 19th century, and then left him for composer Richard Wagner. To Wagner she provided inspiration, total loyalty, and boundless sympathy for his artistic struggles. She was also a diplomat par excellence and a skilled manager. After Wagner's death, she took over the Bayreuth Festival and ran it successfully for 20 years. Many of Cosima's contemporaries found her sensitive, noble, and highly intelligent.

But there was another side to Cosima—a cruel, intolerant, and devious side. To get her way, she would stoop to lies, schemes, personal attacks, and felt few pangs of conscience for her acts. She could also be cold and

"I'm not a hijacker, I just want my luggage."



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BOOK BRIEFS

vengeful even to members of her own family—except Wagner. And she was crudely anti-Semitic. In fact, she was even more anti-Jewish than Wagner, whose bigotry was legendary.

In this biography, George R. Marek presents new insights and details culled from Cosima's recently published diary, often bringing the period 1869 to 1883 vividly to life. Yet Marek fails to come to grips with Cosima's contradictions. In the end, she remains an enigma, as remote to the reader as ever. An interesting chronicle by a leading biographer of the romantic period, but seldom an illuminating one.

—PETER Z. GROSSMAN

Magda Goebbels: First Lady of the Third Reich
by Hans-Otto Meissner
Dial Press, 288 pp., $14.95

THE DAZZLING IRONIES and true-life tragedy of Magda Goebbels, her martyred children, and charming monster Joseph are heady stuff. We meet Magda as a ravishing child, traveled and speaking six languages, then watch as the teenager is seduced from a convent and married to a multimillionaire widower industrialist 20 years her senior. The marriage lasts 10 years, Magda has a son Harold and many miscarriages before divorcing. When she hears Joseph Goebbels speak one night at a rally, big sparks fire her spirit and next day a political Magda joins the Nazis, is quickly spied by Goebbels, and instantly named to be his private archivist. Soon, the angel from the nunnery is bound in matrimony to Hitler's twisted, demonic, club-footed alter ego who is to become Minister of Propaganda and supersatyr ruler of the German film industry.

They have five children before Magda sues Hitler in person for a divorce from Goebbels, listing his perfidies and revealing him as such a moral vacuum, liar, and towering nihilist that Hitler himself stands awe-stricken. Throughout, Hitler is seen with unusual compassion while Goebbels emerges as the leering fall guy, fomenting anti-Semitism for lack of anything better to attack.

After the successes come the setbacks, the fall of Berlin, mass suicides in the *Führerbunker*, fumbled cremation. The Goebbels children—there are now six—steal many pages with their love for Uncle Adolf, a graceful, lovely, doomed little flock running about in the bunker tunnels. Steady restraint and a hard rein on any urge to add high color to the horror give us a stately, measured, intimate picture of world-monsters seen on human scale.

—DONALD NEWLOVE

The Killing of Karen Silkwood
by Richard Rashke
Houghton Mifflin, 407 pp., $12.95

THE NIGHT SHE DIED in a car accident in 1974, Karen Silkwood was on her way to meet a reporter with documents she said would prove that the Kerr-McGee nuclear plant where she worked was making defective plutonium rods. The documents were never found. Oklahoma police said her death was accidental, but there is considerable evidence, including new information revealed by Richard Rashke, to indicate that she was run off the road.

Rashke has chosen rightly to devote much of his book to events in the years since Silkwood's death: controversial investigations by the FBI and Congress, and the suit her family brought against Kerr-McGee for allowing Karen to be contaminated with plutonium. But Rashke's picture of Silkwood is a disappointing sketch of a faceless martyr. He writes more vividly about the private eyes, seedy government spooks, and public-interest lawyers who swarmed to the scene after her death; yet they too are caricatures.

The book's strength remains its informative discussion of the issues surrounding nuclear energy: how, for instance, the industry should be regulated and whether official safety standards have been adequately tested. In places Rashke's argument is undermined by his crusading polemical tone, but with or without that melodrama, he tells a frightening story.—TAMAR JACOBY

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LANGUAGE

Thomas H. Middleton

Flaunt vs. Flout

A few years ago, a couple of these columns expressed great displeasure at the pronunciation of *succinct* as "sussinct" and even greater displeasure at the pronunciation of *accessory* as "assessory." It seemed to me at the time that the air waves, both radio and TV, were jammed to overload with voices advertising this or that gimmick "with all the assessories." "Assessories" rankled to the point where once, while stopped for a traffic light, I snarled at my car radio, "ACK-cessories, you jerk!" I said it loud enough to rouse two slack-jawed youths in the jeep to my left out of their torpor. One of them flashed his middle finger toward me as the light changed.

I've been delighted and astonished that since my anti-"assessory" columns appeared (and that must have been at least three or four years ago), I haven't heard "assessory" more than a couple of times, though I've frequently heard "accessory." I'd like to believe my own efforts had something to do with the change, but experience and common sense tell me that what I wrote probably had no effect whatever. For one thing, I suspect that almost everyone who reads this sort of column has an interest in, and perhaps even a love for, language. Presumably, people attracted to writings about language all have easy access to at least one or two good dictionaries and a curiosity that impels fairly frequent reference to them.

Unfortunately, it seems that far too many people who should have a lively interest in and love for language are relatively indifferent to its workings, its history, and its niceties.

Several years ago, I wrote something about the very common inability to distinguish between *flaunt* and *flout*. I was far from the first to view this situation with alarm, of course, and there have been many others who have sounded louder and more authoritative flaunt-flout alarms since I sounded mine. I think it was about a year ago that William Safire had a very fine piece on the subject in his *New York Times* column. He explained the difference between *flaunt* and *flout*, going into the etymology of *flout* and discussing its connection to *flute* and *flautist*. "To flout" was originally to jeer and is clearly related to the whistles and catcalls with which a crowd rewards an inept performance.

So to flout the law—that's the sense in which *flout* is usually encountered—is to treat the law with contempt.

"Buying Rules Flaunted, Britton Says." Not likely, I should think.

However, attention to accuracy being flouted as it is these days, half the time *flout* is flouted, and *flaunt* is used in its stead. A gentleman sent me a page from the *Miami Herald* of November 12, 1980, on which a large headline announces, "Buying Rules Flaunted, Britton Says."

Not likely, I should think.

The story beneath the headline told of possible chicanery by a school official who reputedly "bypassed official processing procedures in ordering more than $1 million worth of learning programs." Bypassing official procedures is flouting those procedures. *Flaunting* means waving, or displaying something ostentatiously.

While there is general agreement that *flout* is from the *flute* root, there is some question about the etymology of *flaunt*. *WNI II* says it's from the Norwegian *flanta*, to gad about, and the Danish *flane*, to flirt. If this is, in fact, the ancestry of *flaunt*, then *flaunt* is related to *planet*, since *flanta*, *flane*, and *planet* all spring from the Greek *planasthai*, which means *to wander*.

The Oxford English Dictionary doesn't buy the Scandinavian connection, though. Under *flaunt*, *OED* says, "Of unknown origin," and later, referring to the suggestion that *flaunt* is from the Swedish *flankt*, to flutter, waver, it says, "The late appearance of the word in Eng. makes it doubtful whether any connexion exists." (That's how the Oxonians, being Eng. themselves, spell *connection*.)

I've always thought of *flaunt* as a transitive verb. One doesn't simply flaunt; one flaunts something. A rich man might flaunt his wealth; a bon vivant might flaunt his knowledge of wines and unapproachable maîtres d'hôtel. So I was surprised to learn that *flaunt*'s older history is as an intransitive verb. *OED*'s first citations are, "In suits of silkes to flaunte" (1566) and "Whose fethers flaunt and flicker in the winde" (1576), both intransitive. The earliest transitive use of the word in *OED* is from 1827: "The Summer air That flaunts their dewy robes." That's 260 years later.

The only etymological speculation *OED* makes is, "Possibly the word may be onomatopoeia formed with a vague recollection of *fly*, *flout* and *vaunt*." That would imply that *flaunt* has more than just a bonehead relationship with *flout*. It might be *flout*'s illegitimate child, and the *flaunt-flout* confusion becomes ever more understandable.

Still, they are separate and distinct words, and each deserves respect for its own integrity, especially from writers and editors. ■

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THEATER

Stanley Kauffmann

A Witty Prophet of Doom

Coming Attractions by Ted Tally has been called by critics a funny satire. This is not quite true. It's funny, all right, but Tally takes some standard satirizable aspects of American life—TV, celebrity-selling, beauty contests, etc.—and shows that they are now far beyond satire.

When the play begins, four bound and gagged hostages are sitting on stage, and Lonnie, a young fellow with a gun, is shouting his demands to cops out front. (What he wants is celebrity. Among his demands: a personal appearance on *60 Minutes*.) A man with a tape recorder, apparently a reporter, tells the cops he's going in to talk to the kid. Lonnie is happy; he thinks he's going to get publicity on the networks. "Networks!" says the man. "For four lousy hostages?" The networks are off covering someone who's holding 50 hostages. But the man can help Lonnie. He's not a reporter, he's a talent agent named Manny, and he knows how they can both cash in—TV, books, movies.

Manny devises a persona for Lonnie, with a skeleton costume, and sends him out to shoot people who answer their doorbells. ("Trick or treat?" Blam.) Lonnie becomes the fabulous Halloween Killer, shoots 28 people, is captured, and goes through legal maneuvers that assure him plenty of time before he comes to trial. Meanwhile, he does TV shows and, disguised as Miss Wyoming, he crashes the Atlantic City beauty pageant to kill Miss America on camera. ("I'm talking network," says Manny, who planned it. "I'm talking prime time.") But a fatal flaw cracks Lonnie: he falls in love—with Miss America.

It does him in. After zooming through the show-biz stratosphere, after showering show-biz benefits on everyone he meets—each witness, each cop writes a best-seller—Lonnie ends in the electric chair. On prime time TV, of course. He dies "live." (Just before air time, the warden asks the TV director some Actors Studio questions about his "role.") And this funny show ends with Lonnie frying.

The pitch of the story, as you can see, is insane, but it is only dailyness goosed a little higher. *Coming Attractions* isn't a chuckly old-fashioned nudge like Kaufman & Hart's *Once in a Lifetime*; it isn't a grab for titters like Christopher Durang's recent spoof of chic New-Yorkniks, *Beyond Therapy*. These could be called satire, which, in H.W. Fowler's definition, aims at amendment. Tally is describing a condition that *is*—exaggerated to underline a blackly comic reality—without the slightest hope of amendment.

The blackly comic reality in "Coming Attractions" has no hope of amendment.

His method is touched-up mimesis. Before you go to the theater, you turn on the TV news and see, in this order, a murder in Northern Ireland, a sexy blonde selling you new cars, deaths by arson in Jersey City. Then you go to *Coming Attractions* and hear Tally's newscaster say: "We interrupt 'Celebrity Funeral' to bring you a news update." Which is the satire?

Tally's ultimate triumph is his initial perception. He sees that most of the usual American subjects for cartooning have now been made corny by life, not cartoonists; and he uses that fact as his launching pad.

From the start of his career, Tally has shown a sense of the *Zeitgeist*. His first play, *Terra Nova*, written in 1976 while he was at the Yale School of Drama and performed since then in many theaters in several countries, is about Scott of the Antarctic. When I heard the subject, before I saw the play, I thought: "The 'Vietnam time' is over. A young man has written a play about courage." Authentically, with no thought of fashion-mongering, Tally had responded to social atmospherics. *Coming Attractions* proceeds from the same core of aptness, confronting some acceptances that have become central in our culture.

The show is not all Tally. A number of songs, music by Jack Feldman, lyrics by Bruce Sussman and Feldman, fit their moments neatly. The theater is the off-Broadway Playwrights Horizons, and the setting by Andrew Jackness makes more than the most of the tiny stage. Rotating panels on both sides, sliding panels in the back give the illusion of space spilling in. André Ernotte directed—with assistance on the musical numbers from Theodore Pappas—and Ernotte surprised me. I've seen several of his productions, also his Belgian film *High Street*, and thought them strained or sluggish. *Coming Attractions* never strains to be vivid, is never dull. Ernotte's staging is fluent and deft, and his casting was perfect.

Griffin Dunne as Lonnie and Larry Block as Manny do very well. One part each. But the sparklers are the other five people who play a lot of parts with the specially enjoyable freehand dash of sharp skit performers. Christine Baranski as Miss America, June Gable as a TV reporter, Jonathan Hadary as a pop star, Dan Strickler as a prosecutor, Allan Wasserman as a smiling Arab terrorist in a guest spot on a variety

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show—and all of them do much more—are cruelly right.

Coming Attractions is about repulsions, not attractions, and they aren't coming, they are here. Tally is a Jeremiah disguised, wittily, as a wit.

In December 1844 Charles Dickens read his new Christmas story *The Chimes* to a group of friends that included the famous actor William Charles Macready. Next day Dickens wrote his wife: "If you had seen Macready last night . . . crying on the sofa as I read, you would have felt, as I did, what a thing it is to have power." It was not Dickens's first or last taste of that power. Performing had always appealed to him; in his youth he had trained for a while as an actor and had been tapped for an audition at a theater. A "terrible bad cold" forced him to cancel the audition, and before he could fix another, he got a job as a parliamentary reporter, which led him toward writing. Thanks to that bad cold, we got some of the world's best novels, though possibly a great acting career was missed. All his life he was involved in amateur theatricals, and in later years he became so addicted to public readings from his works, with tours in Britain and America, that the physical drain hastened his death.

Quite apart from the explicitly theatrical characters and references in the novels, the influence of the theater on his writing—in construction, in the cumulative rhythms and pointed diction of his prose—is patent. No one who can articulate English clearly can completely fail in reading Dickens aloud.

Then why doesn't Emlyn Williams, a highly experienced actor, come off better? He has been reading Dickens in public, recurrently, for 30 years all over the world. Now he's touring the U.S. again. Until recently, I happened not to have seen his Dickens program, although of course I knew it was a small contemporary cultural phenomenon. I had seen his Saki program in 1978 and thought it feeble, but I assumed that the difference in authors put Williams at a disadvantage.

Dickens gives him more of an advantage, inevitably, but this program turns out to be, as the Master might have said, a very rum affair. Basically, who does Williams think he is? Is he acting the author reading his own works? He dresses and makes up like Dickens, he uses a facsimile of a Dickens desk, but I could see and hear no difference from the Saki performance. Then is he reading as Williams? That's even harder to understand. For many years, in his own plays and others, he has done sharp, intelligent acting. Here he sounds like an elocutionist: self-conscious deep voice for big men, self-conscious high voice for thin women, accents displayed like curios, smug shared relish of choice phrases—all the hallmarks of Public Speaking 101 in excelsis. I was never absorbed by the reading; I was always distanced by the purported virtuoso display of an imaginatively banal virtuoso.

But it *is* Dickens; and he (it's proved again) is virtually indestructible. ■

SUSAN COHEN

In *Coming Attractions*, Griffin Dunne as Lonnie, the celebrity killer, is executed "live" on prime-time TV.

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FILM

Judith Crist

TV Movies in Disguise

By the 1990s, to hear the prognosticators tell it, you'll only see under-twenty-fivers and an occasional grown-up in the few remaining movie houses. The rest of us and everyone over 50 (America's fastest growing generation, as it's billed) will be sitting home, watching some movies on network television but more on pay-cable systems, and golden-oldies or new releases on cassette players.

William Hurt on motorcycle and Sigourney Weaver on horseback in *Eyewitness*.

It will save the beleaguered movie industry, whose product will go from womb to television tomb with barely a pause in a theater. Major studio productions cost an average of $10 million these days, and it takes about $6 million more to sell them. But for the small screen—even the wall-size one anticipated for home viewers—one can skimp around the edges. And television—commercial, public, or pay—is voracious and demanding.

It's 15 years since television began manufacturing its own feature films. The tailored-for-television movie has come into its own as a genre, a replacement not only for the old bottom-of-the-double-feature-bill B movie but also for the noncommercial, socially significant film and even the art film. Last year Hollywood's major companies released 176 features, while 137 made-for-TV movies (costing about $2 million each) were shown on the four networks, with PBS entering the lists with three offerings, two homemade for about a million dollars apiece, including the enchanting *Life on the Mississippi*.

Almost without exception theatrical films are being made with an eye to their television destination, many with financing from television interests. That eye frequently involves special filming, as in the case of *Coming Home*, wherein substitute scenes for those involving sexual activity and nudity were shot.

You can, however, still tell the difference between the serious feature film and the one designed to pause in a theater en route to the home screen. **Fort Apache, the Bronx**, with David Susskind, that veteran media-straddler as executive producer, is an example of the latter. It's a violent and sordid police story, concocted by Heywood Gould, covering the same old gritty ground that Joseph Wambaugh dealt with in books, films, and TV series—albeit in the LAPD rather than in the burned-out racial and ethnic South Bronx. Paul Newman, as a humane, anti-Establishment older cop, is the "class" item aimed at theatrical grosses—with Ken Wahl, a Travolta-ish newcomer who made an attractive debut in *The Wanderers*, as his partner, a gift to the young movie-going audience. And as the new by-the-book captain of the precinct, where once Charles Durning or Ned Beatty might have trod, it's Edward Asner, television's beloved Lou Grant, struggling with a dese-dose accent, a special-appeal item for Destination TV. The cops, their respective bedmates, their crises, and their dealings with junkies and prostitutes, and a variety of ghetto criminals are all as predictable as the plotting is familiar to TV viewers. All that will be needed is the dubbing-out of the four- and twelve-letter words that are—at this writing—verboten on the air.

In contrast, **Eyewitness**, a thriller written by Steve Tesich and directed by Peter Yates, the team that gave us *Breaking Away*, is an honest-to-God theatrical film. It has a fascinatingly original, topical, and complex plot to involve us intellectually; chills, chases, and suspense to lead us through a variety of interesting New York City locales; and, above all, a host of major and minor characters to engage us.

There's a point to the setting: Where else, as Yates has noted, could a janitor become involved with a glamorous TV reporter, wealthy Jewish immigrants, and an Israeli diplomat because of the

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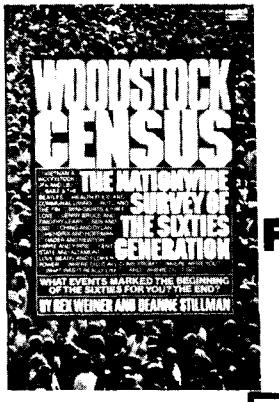
murder of a Vietnamese wheeler-dealer? The janitor has worshipped the reporter as a television personality; to attract and hold her attention he claims to know more about the murder of a tenant in the building he tends than he admits, and therein lies the danger.

What is most attractive and absorbing is the density of characterization, the totality of personality: The janitor and the reporter each have parents to whom they're devoted; even the two detectives assigned to the case, simply following two prime suspects, emerge as men with lives of their own. William Hurt, that fine actor whose gifts glittered in the sludge of *Altered States*, brings extraordinary facets to the "ordinariness" of the bespectacled janitor; Sigourney Weaver, memorable as the capable survivor in *Alien*, underlines the poise of the reporter with tenderness; James Woods, as the janitor's oddball pal who probably, a detective speculates, "wanted to be a suspect when he grew up," is a marvelously endearing crazy; and there are fine moments from Irene Worth as Weaver's mother, Christopher Plummer as a man with a cause, Pamela Reed as Hurt's reluctant intended. Yates, who perfected the car chase in *Bullitt*, doesn't stint here with automobiles, motorcycles, or a horse stampede. But he has created that all-too-rare thriller in which it's the people who count first—and last.

It's the scenery and settings—thanks to the brilliant cinematography of the late Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet, who succeeded him—that count most in **Tess**, Roman Polanski's sedate and at times sedated version of the Hardy classic, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Its plot is the stuff of opera in its story of a Wessex lass forced to seek social status by her ambitious family and brought low by a wealthy scoundrel who seduces her, then lower by the stuffy type she loves and marries. Nastassia Kinski, a breathtaking beauty (looking like a young brunette Ingrid Bergman), becomes as monotonous in her suffering as Peter Firth's Angel Clare becomes in his priggishness; only Leigh Lawson's scoundrel has juice. And though Britanny (where the movie was filmed) is beautiful, I, for one, prefer to read my Victorian novels. ■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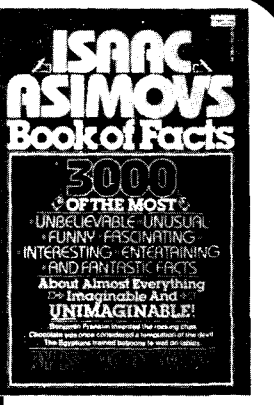

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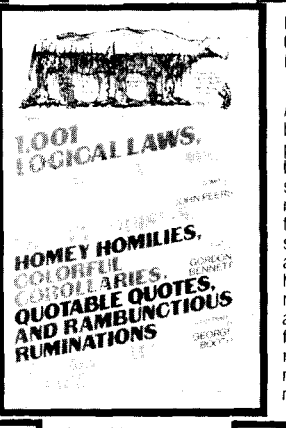

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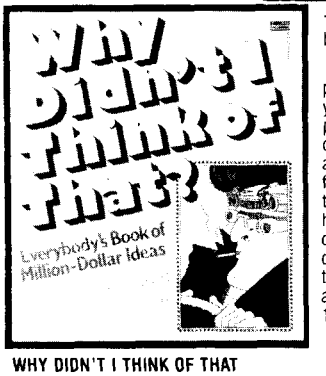

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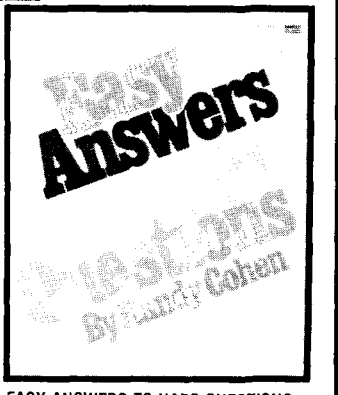

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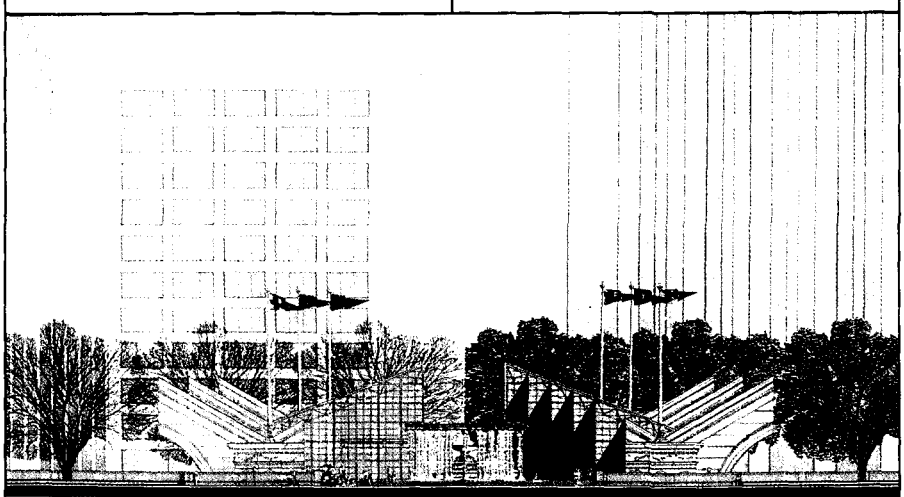
ART

Carter Ratcliff

Artists Meet Architects

When New York's Architectural League was founded in 1881, one of its missions was to promote harmony between the fine arts of painting, sculpture and, of course, architecture. This high-minded impulse belonged to the American Renaissance, so-called, that flurry of genteel interest in the arts whose many admirable results include the Boston Public Library (1888-92)—a triumph of the Beaux Arts builders, McKim, Mead & White and Puvis de Chavannes, that strangely modern French classicizer who is responsible for the library's murals. Now, in celebration of its centennial, the League, with support from Philip Morris, is sponsoring a series of joint projects by leading figures of our own day. The show, **Collaboration: Artists & Architects**, opens in New York City at the New York Historical Society, March 5.

There are 11 projects, each competing for the visitor's eye with renderings, models, and in some cases full-scale bits of the proposed building. This centennial exhibition has some of the flavor of a return to roots, a restatement of the Architectural League's early concern with harmony on the visual-arts front. However, too much has happened on that front since the 1880s for anyone to hope, however wistfully, for a revival of the American Renaissance—which, as far as architecture went, was inspired by a revivalist yearning for the 16th and 17th centuries in Europe. What happened, chiefly, was modernism, that reshaping of the aesthetic map which gave us the shimmer of Impressionism, the wit of Cubism, Rodin's heroics, and Minimalist dead pan, the glass and steel of International Style skyscrapers and, of course, much more. Yet, for all the movement's profusion, there are some who suggest that it's exhausted.



Hardy, Beal, and Freckelton's "Restaurant Pavilions" sports leafy motifs.

Modernism was the reign of the specialist—or so the current half-truth has it—thus it was only natural for the separate arts to take separate paths to their respective dead ends. Now, it is said, our culture must enter an era of aesthetic reconciliation or be lost. Thus the Architectural League's *Collaboration*, this lively attempt to show that the visual arts do know how to get along with one another, can be seen as a gesture toward the post-modern future as well as a backward glance at 19th-century beginnings. In fact, the exhibition will inevitably be seen this way, time and time again, as it makes its tour from New York to nearly half a dozen American cities. But there's a difficulty with this response—postmodernism is largely a polemicist's fiction.

Minor modernists specialize indeed. Rather, they fiddle their careers away in formalist games. Major figures do no such thing. More to the point, modernists have collaborated significantly. For just one recent example, Isamu Noguchi worked closely with architect Gordon Bunshaft in designing "The Red Cube," which stands in front of Bunshaft's Marine Midland Building in New York. Nor is there any need (other than polemical) for assuming that modernism is no longer capable of such joint ventures. One of the best collaborations in the League's exhibition is a proposal by Frank Stella and Richard Meier, two unapologetic modernists.

Painter Stella is the master of geometric Day-Glo flash. Meier is one of Le Corbusier's most stringently rigorous heirs, hence a functionalist. Naturally enough, he and Stella have given their "typical one-family suburban residence" a supremely functional name—"Tinted Windows," after the painter's translucent, multicolored screens. Fitted to every window in Meier's gridded walls, these Mylar screens are designed to be rolled up or down in any combination. This offers an unusual degree of control over the mood of one's interior environment,

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provided there is enough sunlight to make the effort worthwhile. Thin outlines of aluminum foil trace French curves on the Mylar sheets. These motifs, drawn from Stella's recent paintings, offset Meier's strict right angles just about as efficiently—or should one say as functionally— as possible.

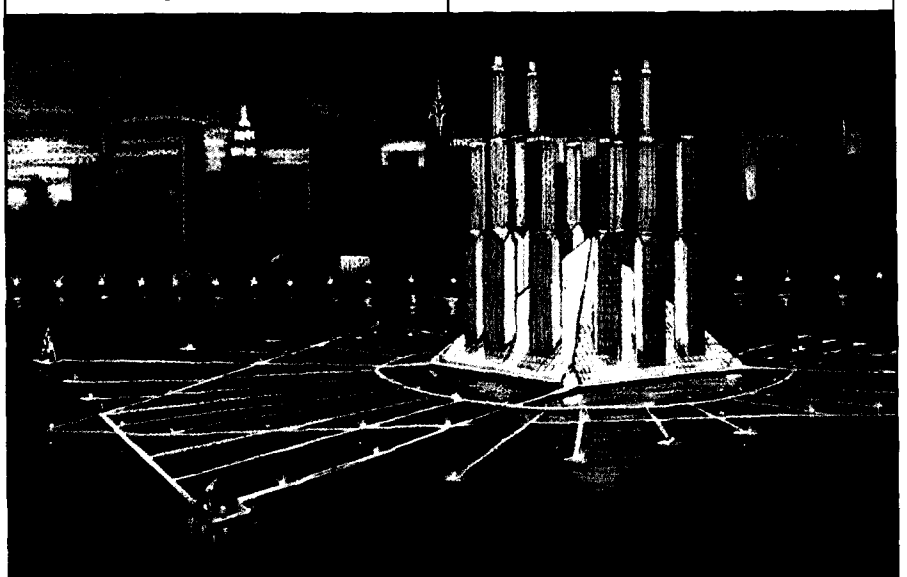
"Tinted Windows" started out as a commission for a particular site. Other collaborations are less practical, to put it mildly. "Connections," by Frank O. Gehry and sculptor Richard Serra, proposes a bridge between the top of the World Trade Center and the top of the Chrysler Building. This project never got much past the sketch-on-a-napkin stage. A few airy scribbles give the impression that, on this assignment, Gehry and Serra chose to brazen it out as visionary underachievers. A somewhat more focused—and eminently more realizable—vision appears in "The Four Gates to Columbus" by Emilio Ambasz and Michael Meritet, a young painter. The Columbus they have in mind is a town in Indiana. Like many Midwestern towns, this one gently sprawls. Unlike any other, it is studded with major buildings by major architects—thanks to the patronage of J. Irwin Miller, a local industrialist. Ambasz and Meritet would like to surround the town with a thick screen of trees. Approachable only through four gateways in the screen, Columbus, Indiana, would take on the self-enclosed unity we usually feel only in the walled cities of Europe.

Hugh Hardy, of Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer, brings the show back to New York with a plan for Bryant Park—that hustlers' haven just west of the 42nd Street Library. Working with the realist painters Jack Beal and Sondra Freckelton, Hardy has designed a complex of grass-fronted, multileveled "Restaurant Pavilions." The two painters have contributed a scheme of interior ornament, complete down to designs for silverware. Their images run along botanical lines—Beal's columns are very tree-like, with branching capitals and leafy motifs that reach outward to make contact with Hardy's more functional forms. Freckelton strews the floor with painted-tile renditions of flowers and vegetables.

Much 20th-century architectural theory outlaws allegorical ornament, in a wholesale ban on every kind of detail judged to be nonfunctional. Nonetheless, Jack Beal has been arguing for years that symbolic images have a function of their own—to enrich the imagination's environment. In these "Restaurant Pavilions," he and the like-minded Sondra Freckelton have found a chance to put their belief to work beyond the boundaries of painting. Hugh Hardy's design is nothing if not modernist, yet it joins nicely with the flourishes of the Beal-Freckelton designs. One could call this a post-modernist development, though it looks to me as though this collaboration realizes modernist possibilities that have been there since Art Nouveau at the turn of the century.

Cesar Pelli, architect of the Museum of Modern Art's high-rise tower, has designed a modest, elegant room with six sides. One door, two windows, and three of William Bailey's paintings are distributed evenly among the structure's six inner walls. Bailey and Pelli say their intention was to create "a sanctuary, a place for a dialogue between painting and architecture to occur." Pelli has arranged his windows to encourage that dialogue. When sunlight enters this "Hexagonal Room," it will join with the flow of light in Bailey's paintings.

The trompe-l'oeil painter Richard Haas teamed up with architect Edward Mills in designing a necropolis for Roosevelt Island, in New York's East River. Occupying the entire island, this massive urban cemetery extends its towers heavenward in counterpoint to the Manhattan skyline behind it. As Jonathan Barnett points out in his catalogue essay, the Haas-Mills necropolis has a chilling resemblance to Detroit's Renaissance Center.



The Haas-Mills necropolis bears a "resemblance to Detroit's Renaissance Center."

Like Le Corbusier, Michael Graves began as a painter. Now Graves designs buildings admired for their "painterly" arrangements of planes and colors. For *Collaborations*, he provided one of Lennart Anderson's canvases with a setting all its own—a pair of framing columns and an artful clutter of objects that echo Lennart's theme: the bacchanal. This new "Bacchanal" by Lennart and Graves is human and accessible—as so much of our era's most adventurous art and architecture has turned out to be, despite the empty extremes to which some modernists have been led by their own polemics. The Architectural League's *Collaborations* recalls the richness of modernism's past by giving us glimpses into its future, as envisioned by some of the movement's leading lights. In an exhibition like this, a term like "post-modernist" can only block the view. ■

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MUSIC

Irving Kolodin

Chamber Charms

String quartets are tuned alike, and they are basically played alike—but if you want a true, revealing history of change in music, trace it through the one utterly unchanged but ever-changing unit that composers have worked with through three centuries. A fascinating facet of the tonal paradox was brought to prominence by four otherwise unrelated concerts during one week in New York recently.

The excellent Cleveland Quartet initiated a cycle of Bartók's six great quartets and, on behalf of interest and variety, decided to make their series a duple cycle. When the name of Felix Mendelssohn turned up in the program announcements, it struck some like a choice drawn out of a hat. But, when the Cleveland players began with the seldom heard Quartet in A minor (Opus 13) from the composer's 18th year, one was almost aroused to a belief that this would be the dramatic encounter of the evening. The A minor, for all its neglect, was in the pure midstream of progress, with a range of fervor, a degree of intensity, and least expectable of all, a surge of passion not commonly associated with a composer usually identified as truly Felix, or "happy."

The Cleveland (from left): Donald Weilerstein, Peter Salaff, Paul Katz, Atar Arad.

The gruff, harsh, pensive, remote, fanciful, and of course, rhythmically propulsive sound of Bartók's Quartet No. 5 is also a flashing beacon pointing toward what he produced in the remaining 15 years of his life. Here there is a hint of the *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta*; there, a whisper of the most Bartokian of all Bartók, the *Concerto for Orchestra*; even a background figure raised to prominence in the last, beautiful Piano Concerto No. 3. Credit the Cleveland players with knowing every such aural cross-reference.

The weekend also brought the 400th program to be performed by the pioneering Chamber Society of Lincoln Center, a spring-like source for the river of interest in such music around the country. The milestone was celebrated with the unexpected poise, shifting shades, and half-muted murmurs of Debussy's Quartet in G minor from the same Cleveland players heard a few days before in Bartók, speaking not Hungarian but impeccable French.

Also at Lincoln Center the day before could be heard part of an ongoing Beethoven cycle by the Concord Quartet. Technically, the Concord players are an extraordinarily hard working, finely attuned group. But they have a highly idiosyncratic concept of what Beethoven was about in such works as the great Quartet in F major, Opus 59, No. 1, and the even greater C-sharp minor, Opus 131.

The marvelously manly opening of the F major came forth in a swift, over-the-surface, highly note-conscious manner that looked back to the more boyish Opus 18 quartets. And in the program notes, the Concord's second violinist, Andrew Jennings, wrote that the brooding *Adagio, ma non troppo e molto espressivo* with which the otherworldly C-sharp minor begins, is a "melancholy opening." Those players who think of it as mournfully embittered, expressing the helplessness of a master musician 20 years deprived of hearing, would doubtless rate as overburdened elders in the esteem of the Concord players. What *they* are burdened with, in their *molto espressivo*, is the kind of life experience that Beethoven poured into this most masterfully manful of all his elegies.

On the whole, the Concords put their extremely expert command of ensemble techniques to more productive use the following afternoon. In a program that began with Haydn (the F minor, Opus 20, No. 5) and ended with the seventh quartet of George Rochberg, they achieved a superbly vivid and beautifully inflected performance of Charles Ives's Quartet No. 2 (1913). Every passing reference in Ives, to "Dixie" or "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean" or "Auld Lang Syne," was given its sure, explicit impact.

Above and around these musical collaborations is a charm in chamber music that has also magnetized an unprecedented public to its ever-changing appeal. ■

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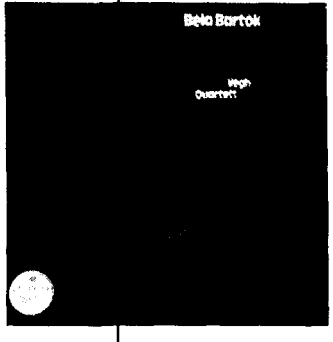
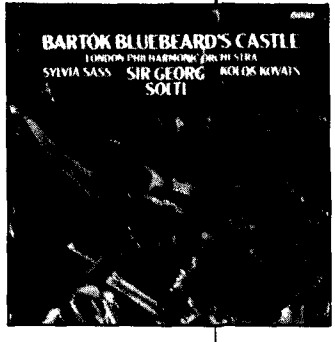
Stephen Wadsworth

Basic Bartók

One-hundred-year-old Béla Bartók has fared surprisingly well on records. The big labels have recorded and rerecorded the big works, and several lesser labels have made important contributions, notably discs of Bartók playing the piano. A complete Bartók edition is available on Hungaroton in an award-winning 39-record series, and the quality is high. There is even a label called Bartók Records, run by the composer's second son, which has some marvelous performances in its catalogue.

A basic Bartók library should reflect the composer's essence as a man and his growth and range as a musician. Bartók was a composer, a pianist, an ethnomusicologist, a pedagogue, a pioneer of new music, an individualist—but above all a Hungarian who pledged allegiance to his roots in every musical gesture. Even at its most truculent, his passionate dissonance is always accessible to the senses and alive. He traveled far from conventional tonality and back again, but his harmonic vagrancy grew directly from the songs of peasants. His music is organic matter.





All of Bartók is in his six string quartets, which are culmination points of every phase of his composing and of the form in this century. The quartets, a veritable catalogue of string techniques, are the most compleat quartets since Beethoven, whom Bartók adored. Listen to Bartók's six alternately with Beethoven's last five. The earlier master's great C-sharp minor Quartet, strongly evoked in the first and last movements of Bartók's cycle, will fall revealingly before Bartók's fourth, one of his most intimate, animated, intimidating, and unmitigated compositions. Telefunken's exquisite recording of the Bartók cycle with the Végh Quartet was recently deleted but is worth looking for anyhow and anywhere, in specialty shops or remainder racks. Meanwhile, the Juilliard Quartet, which will soon rerecord the cycle digitally, plays with raucous vigor (3-CBS D3S 717, $17.98).

Bartók pays more homage to Beethoven as performer, in a duo-recital with Joseph Szigéti on violin, recorded live in 1940 (2-Vanguard SRV-304/5, $9.96). After a magical "Kreutzer" sonata, this unbeatable pair sails through the Debussy sonata, storms through Bartók's own craggy, vehement second sonata, and closes with his more sinuous Rhapsody No. 1, dedicated to Szigéti. Again, Beethoven—and Debussy—will help illuminate the language Bartók speaks. So does the power of Bartók's piano technique, from soft touch to hypnotic, percussive forte.

Bartók recognized the piano as a percussion instrument. When it appears unannounced in his *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta*, the ear is surprised. This work, perhaps Bartók's purest, germinates entirely from the subject of his opening fugue, growing slowly into a living organism. With its separated string orchestras and carefully positioned percussion, *Music* is a great stereo showcase. Herbert von Karajan was hot the day he recorded it with the Berlin Philharmonic for Deutsche Grammophon's meticulous microphones, along with Stravinsky's euphonious—and in this company tame—*Apollon Musagète* (DG 2530065, $9.98).

Having fully assimilated his folk roots and explored harmony and the capabilities of the string and percussion families, Bartók relaxed into a less harsh idiom at the end of his life. His *Concerto for Orchestra* is really a concerto for everybody, a Noah's ark for instruments, and at the same time a shadowgraph of his mature technique and style. Its euphony is no regression, rather the cadence of an ailing man's backward glance. There are several excellent recordings, but who better than Fritz Reiner—who with Szigéti brought about the commission for the work—to conduct it (the Chicago Symphony, RCA AGLI-2909, $5.98)?

The best recording of Bartók's single opera, *Bluebeard's Castle*, is the most recent (London OSA 1174, $9.98). Sir Georg Solti and his countrymen Sylvia Sass and Kolos Kovats revel in the ebb and flow of Bartók's *parlando rubato* style. Here are the pentatonic and modal scales, the falling lines, the open forms of peasant songs transmuted into tragic-elegiac night-music both deeply mysterious and poignant. The themes are autonomy defiled, individualism threatened, aloneness. I think Bartók's essence as a man is somewhere hidden in the mystery of this opera. ■

Stephen Wadsworth, former managing editor of *Opera News*, contributes articles to many musical publications here and abroad.

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SR Competition No. 18

It is anagram time. This harmless and ever improving amusement has fallen to a pathetically low estate in these latter days. In its heyday, Louis XIII of France actually found it necessary to appoint one Thomas Billon "anagrammatist to the King," and it is well known that one of the most famous names in literature resulted when a certain Arouet, l.j. (Arouet the younger) transposed these letters into Voltaire. (The V and I are classical equivalents for U and J.) In modern times, the late Vladimir Nabokov was fond of inserting himself into his own works, Hitchcock-like, under the guise of Vivian Darkbloom, to name only one. Norman Mailer might turn himself into the utterance: "I'm near normal." Send us your transformations of at least four well-known names. The three winners will each receive "$52," which is an anagram of what they will actually get.

Entries for Competition No. 18 must be received by April 3 and the winners will be announced in the June issue. Send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 18, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York, New York 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 15

The winner of our concrete poetry contest is H.L. Ehrlich of Saginaw, Michigan, whose poem is entitled "Regression."

We find the work melancholy, to say no more, but then where is it written that entries in this Competition must all be pieces of merriment? Besides, the faintly morbid subject seems to us nicely balanced by the cheerful eccentricity of the form. It reminds us of the vernacular carvings on Nantucket gravestones, some of which appear to have been made by artists who were far from inconsolable.

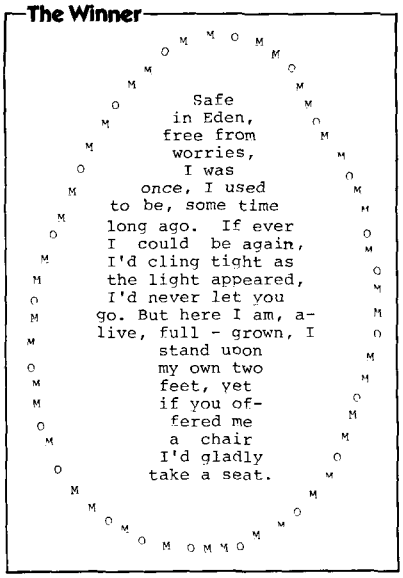
The honorable mentions, in no particular order below, are more lighthearted. Steven L. Brezzo is director of the San Diego Museum of Art. His beautiful poem speaks—if somewhat laconically—for itself (No. 1).

And everyone, surely, will respond to the gaiety of animated cartoon No. 2 by Gregory Lavzon of Acton, Massachusetts.

No. 3 may not appeal to those who earn their living by freelancing. It is by Richard Iannelli of Philadelphia and is entitled "Rejection Slip."

Finally, we greatly enjoyed the blank sheet of paper entitled "Writer's Block" by John Campbell of Columbus, Georgia, though it was, frankly, much too illiterate for these pages.

The Winner



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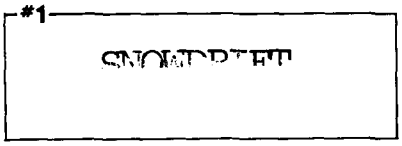

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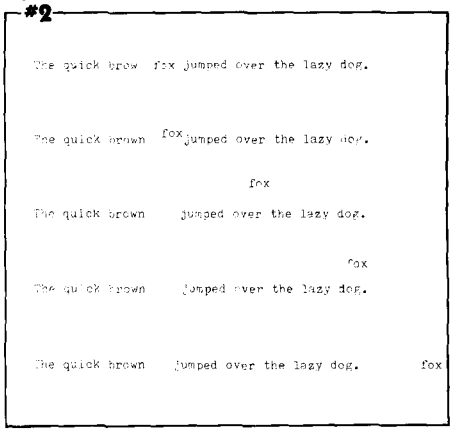
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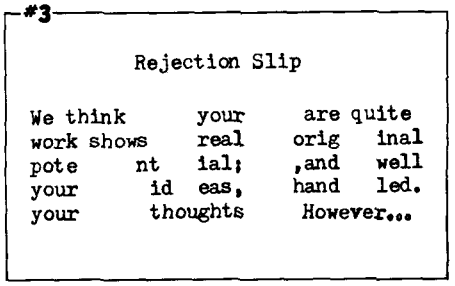
The quick brown jumped over the lazy dog.
fox
The qu ck brown jumped over the lazy dog.
The quick brown jumped over the lazy dog. fox

#3


Rejection Slip
We think your are quite
work shows real orig inal
pote nt ial; ,and well
your id eas, hand led.
your thoughts However...

Puzzles

Wit Twister No. 175

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

— — — —, not in fact immortal,
— — — — to enter Heaven's portal.
"— — — —," fervently she prayed,
"Take me in. My — — — — are paid.
"Life has — — — — me hard indeed."
"Enter, filia," God agreed.

Mrs. Thomas E. Harris
Alexandria, Virginia

Literary Crypt No. 163

EPIC APPLE VOC UP AC UVEUCH, PURCOE UP AC EXVYYPXCH, VMH EPIC ZCK UP AC TRCXCH VMH HSQCEUCH.

ZOVMTSE AVTPM

Answers next issue

February Answers

Solution to Wit Twister No. 174

pirates, traipse, piaster, parties

Solution to Literary Crypt No. 162

The critic. . . . scarcely saw the play at all for watching his reaction to it.

E.B. White

Middleton Double-Crostic No 204

NORMAN CORWIN: CORWIN ON MEDIA

So long as men and women of principle and good heart and clear conscience and fast film can go on creating documentaries that. . . exercise the better angels of our nature, then the Republic is not going to go to the dogs. No matter who is elected president.

From *Westways, May, 1980*

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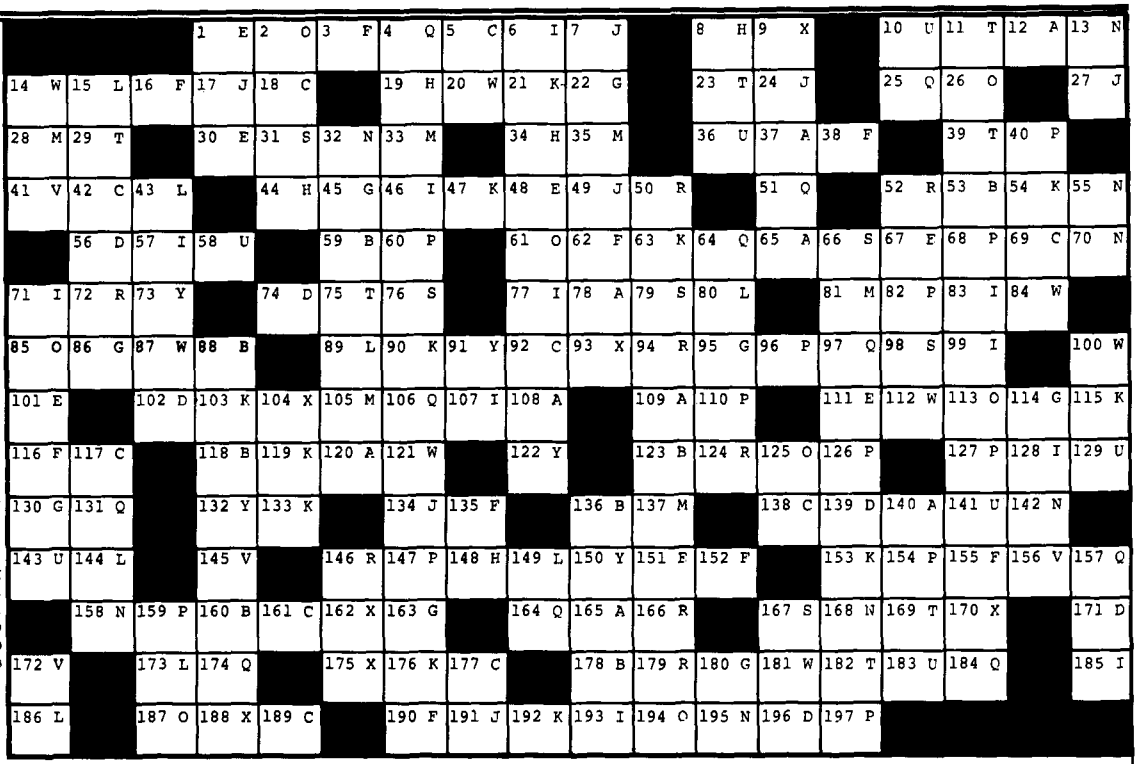
Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Middleton Double-Crostic No. 205

CLUES	WORDS
A. Elaborate or complicated procedure	65 78 108 109 120 140 165 12 37
B. Flashes, seconds, moments	53 59 88 118 123 136 160 178
C. Cabarets (2 wds.)	189 5 18 42 69 117 138 92 161 177
D. Nephew of King Arthur	56 74 102 139 171 196
E. Releases; excuses (2 wds.)	30 48 67 151 1 101 111
F. Capabilities	155 190 3 16 38 62 116 135 152
G. Ger. industrialist, social theorist, and statesman (1867–1922), assassinated by anti-Semites	163 180 22 86 114 130 45 95
H. Loony, whacky, nutty; speckled	148 8 19 34 44
I. "Our egress from the world / Will be ___ where" (2 wds.; Longfellow, "The Spanish Student")	46 57 185 71 6 99 83 107 128 77 193
J. Site of a famous rescue	7 17 24 49 27 134 191
K. River flowing from the Blue Ridge Mts. to Chesapeake Bay	192 21 63 90 103 119 176 54 115 133 153 47
L. Heroine of Elzie Segal's "Thimble Theatre" (2 wds.)	89 149 173 15 43 144 186 80
M. Wakashan language spoken on Vancouver Island	105 137 35 81 33 28
N. Courtesy	32 70 168 13 158 195 55 142
O. Electioneering platform (chiefly Brit.)	194 2 26 85 113 125 187 61
P. 1934 Cole Porter hit (2 wds.)	82 147 110 126 154 68 96 127 197 60 159 40
Q. Humiliating affronts	97 157 184 106 131 164 25 174 51 64 4
R. Sharpest, most chic	72 52 94 179 124 146 50 166
S. Had a passionate, esp. lewd, desire	79 31 66 98 167 76
T. Manifest, obvious	169 39 23 29 11 75 182
U. Am. operatic baritone (1896–1960)	58 129 10 36 183 141 143
V. Resort city, W Saudi Arabia, 5,000 feet above sea level	41 145 156 172
W. Philosophical work by Kierkegaard (2 wds.)	14 87 121 20 84 112 100 181
X. Burgh on the Clyde, near Glasgow	93 188 170 9 104 162 175
Y. Grudge; malice	73 91 122 132 150

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SR RECOMMENDS

Books

Fiction

The Collected Stories of Elizabeth Bowen (Alfred A. Knopf, 784 pp., $17.95). Seventy-nine stories by the Irish novelist and master of mood, detail, color, and heightened understatement. She leisurely works miracles by placing weighted characters against marvels of set decoration infused with feeling.

The Company of Women, by Mary Gordon (Random House, 291 pp., $12.95). In this novel about the search for "ordinary human happiness," Mary Gordon brings a group of women and the daughter of one of them to a Catholic priest, and then whisks the girl away to an apparently more dangerous situation, a commune on the fringes of Columbia. Author Mary Gordon (*Final Payments*) here combines tensile intelligence with an almost eerie understanding of the awesome power of love to diminish, enrich, and immortalize.

Neighboring Lives, by Thomas M. Disch and Charles Naylor (Charles Scribners & Sons, 384 pp., $11.95). In the guise of a leisurely behind-the-scenes stroll through the Chelsea parlors of artists and authors famous in their day, Disch and Naylor offer an inspired reconstruction of Victorian London. Suicides, snubs, gossip, and petty rivalries flourish (as they do among any group of writers and painters) in this engaging introduction to the period. A rare find for aficionados.

Nonfiction

The Shock of the New, by Robert Hughes (Knopf, 423 pp., $17.95). All the standard landmarks of modern art are here, and each new movement is treated thematically, with just enough of a chronological skeleton to hold it together as history. Erudite, perceptive, a brilliant writer, critic Robert Hughes is ready to go for the jugular of a sacred cow or pay it reverence, as the case may justify. The best book to date on 20th-century art.

The Last Days of Patton, by Ladislas Farago (McGraw-Hill, 352 pp., $12.95). The emphasis in this second book about George S. Patton by the late Ladislas Farago is not the "ol' blood and guts" whose audacious attacks on Nazi Germany rank Patton with the great soldiers of history but on his inhuman anti-Semitism directed at the concentration camp victims, his irrational hatred of the Russians, and his admiration for the Germans. A vivid portrait of an extravagant, complex, and fascinating man.

Lucy: The Beginnings of Humankind, by Donald C. Johanson and Mati Maitland A. Edey (Simon & Schuster, 320 pp., $13.95). The fossil remains of the tiny, apelike creature stumbled upon by paleoanthropologist Donald Johanson and named Lucy today stand in the midst of an ongoing controversy over the origin of the human race. Johanson's story begins with an entertaining history of the scientists and frauds who shaped modern evolutionary theory throughout the 19th and 20th centuries. It ends with Johanson's declaration that Lucy belongs to a new species, the oldest known ancestor of man to walk upright. Gripping.

Paper Money, by Adam Smith (Summit Books, 322 pp., $13.95). This is not a book of clear-cut concrete financial advice about how to beat inflation, but an account of how we got into the inflationary mess we're in. Informative, enjoyable entertainment by the pop economist who gave us *The Money Game* and *Supermoney*.

Critical Path, by R. Buckminster Fuller (St. Martin's Press, 488 pp., $17.95). The inventor of the Geodesic Dome, coiner of the phrase "Spaceship Earth," and organizer of the "World Game" here offers through the creation of myths his version of how the world (governments, multinationals, technology etc.) works. In so doing, the fallible 85-year-old cosmic problem-solver proves himself to be the best myth-maker alive.

SR's Phoenix Code

- Outstanding
- Excellent
- Good
- Notable

Film

Man of Marble. Andrzej Wajda's 1977 film, a smash hit in Poland despite some censorship and finally released here, is as illuminating as it is fascinating in its story of a contemporary young filmmaker's attempt to assemble a documentary life story of a people's hero of the 1950s. Exploring his career in *Citizen Kane* fashion, the young woman comes up with revelations of Poland's past and present, exposing a Candide abroad in a socialist state.

Mon Oncle d'Amérique. Alain Resnais's wise, witty, and perceptive consideration of that rat race (or rat maze) known as the human comedy. The film probes the behavioral patterns of three very different people whose lives converge, and it opens the door to speculation on where the beginning of wisdom—and independence—lies.

Fish Hawk. A family film in the best sense, by Canada's Donald Shebib, this story of the friendship between a small boy and the one Indian in an isolated turn-of-the-century settlement is marked by excellent performances, primarily by Will Sampson as the loner and Charlie Fields as the lad.

Theater

The Prirates of Penzance (Uris Theater, New York City). Director Wilford Leach and music director William Elliott set an overall tone of intelligence and charm. This *Pirates* has been put together by contemporary Americans who love and respect the work but who will not try to mimic Victorian Englishmen or their descendants. Unapologetically starring pop singers Linda Ronstadt as Mabel and Rex Smith as Frederic.

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SR RECOMMENDS CONTINUED

The Elephant Man (Booth Theater, New York City). The play—not the movie. An innocent but monstrously disfigured man becomes a socially modish figure in Victorian London. The play satirizes antiquated morality (always an easy target), but its sense of humanity is honest and moving.

42nd Street (Winter Garden Theater, New York City). "Hear the beat/of dancing feet," says the title song, and never did a lyric fix a show's essence more neatly. Choreographed by the late Gower Champion on Thirties models, the brisk tappings carry us along on a pleasant tide of nostalgia. The show is just chunks of agreeable stuff that makes us feel things were better back then.

Amadeus (Broadhurst Theater, New York City). Peter Shaffer's saga of the frustration and jealousy in Antonio Salieri (Ian McKellen), the once famous but mediocre Italian-born Viennese composer, over the success and genius of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. A potentially fertile idea, reduced with dramatic gimmicks. Even so, the production merits attention for a bumptious and endearing performance by Tim Curry as an irrepressibly honest Mozart.

Music

Symphonies, Mozart (3-L'Oiseau Lyre D170D, $29.94). The second installment in the Christopher Hogwood series of Mozart's complete symphonies is, if anything, more revelatory than the first (see Records, *SR* November) because the works in question—Nos. 25 and 29 among them—are more familiar. The playing and recording are fresh, bracing.

Darmstadt Overtures, Telemann (2-Telefunken 635498, $19.96). These four overture-suites, played on old instruments, full of tender processionals, spicy dances and madcap writing for oboes, sound like Bach's on a holiday. Nikolaus Harnoncourt and Concentus Musicus Wien's customary *Schwung* is just the thing here.

Piano Concerto No. 1, Beethoven (Deutsche Grammophon 2531302, $9.98). A live recording of a televised concert in Vienna. In the hands of Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli and Carlo Maria Giulini, this classic takes shape with visionary certainty. Add the robust playing of the Vienna Symphony and the palpable concentration of a live audience, and civilized sparks fly.

String Quartets, Haydn (Telefunken 642354, $9.98). The Quartetto Esterhazy's old instruments give new light and life to two masterpieces from Haydn's great quartet cycles, Op. 20, No. 5 and Op. 76, No. 2. Here is the apogee of 18th-century music: an aging Haydn looking back to the baroque through *Sturm und Drang* and ahead to long-due surprises.

Tone Poems, Strauss (CBS Digital IM 35826, $14.95). This is one of the cleanest, most spacious and detailed digital releases we've heard. The Cleveland Orchestra's playing under Lorin Maazel is fully deserving of CBS's spectacular recording and noteworthy care in packaging. *Don Juan* and *Till Eulenspiegel* career along with hallucinatory clarity, but digital *Death and Transfiguration* is beyond stereo.

Violin Sonatas, Schubert (L'Oiseau Lyre DSLO 565, $9.98). Jaap Schröder and Christopher Hogwood, the leaders of L'Oiseau Lyre's Mozart symphony cycle, find warming echoes of Mozart in these poignant, introspective sonatinas—performing on a 1709 Stradivarius and a six-octave, five-pedal fortepiano, c. 1825.

Art

Gold of El Dorado: the Heritage of Colombia (The New Orleans Museum of Art). Another traveling blockbuster, this is genuinely impressive—showcase after showcase of delicate and bizarre artifacts made by the goldsmiths of the Andes. Much of their work was melted down and shipped back to Spain in the form of ingots. Of the fraction that survived, most is housed in Bogota's Gold Museum, where it serves as the basis of Colombian currency. This exhibition is, of course, only a fraction of that fraction, yet it is staggering. (Through March 29.)

The 1981 Biennial Exhibition (Whitney Museum of Art, New York City). Always an occasion for intense political squabblings in the art world. What's happening on the art scene *now*; a selection of paintings, sculpture, photography, film, and video produced in the last two years by 115 American artists. (Through April 5.)

Dance

Rudolf Nureyev, with the Joffrey Ballet, dances in a PBS-TV program called *In Tribute to Nijinsky*, produced by WNET 13, as a presentation of Dance in America (a part of the Great Performances series). Nureyev will dance three roles associated with Vaslav Nijinsky in *Petrouchka* and *Le Spectre de la Rose* choreographed by Michel Fokine, and *l'Apres Midi d'un Faune* choreographed by Nijinsky. (March 9.)

Merce Cunningham Dance Company (City Center, New York City). The veteran master of the avant-garde in American modern dance in a brief New York series. (March 18-29.)

The Atlanta Ballet (Brooklyn Center of the Performing Arts, Brooklyn, New York). The nation's oldest regional ballet, with origins dating back to the 1920s, in its New York debut. *Cinderella*, with choreography by Tom Pazik, is featured. (March 28-29.)

The Boston Ballet (Music Hall, Boston). This troupe noted for the diversity of its repertory, presents a new staging of the Petipa classic, *Swan Lake*, in the most expensive production the Boston troupe has ever mounted. Scenery and costumes by the famous British designer Julia Trevelyan Oman. New choreography by co-director Violette Verdy and resident choreographer Bruce Wells. (March 12-15.)

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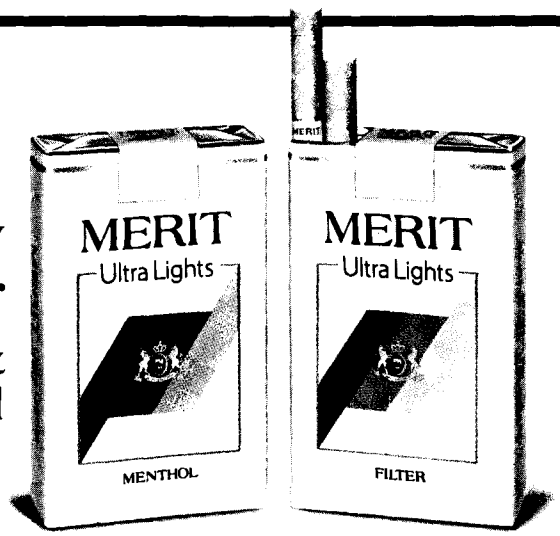

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